

THE LIVING AGE

MONTHLY EDITION

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1924

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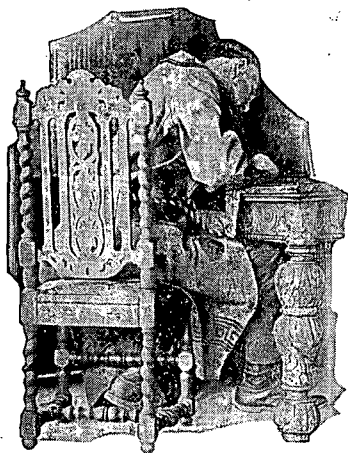
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President Coolidge said of him:
 "Such a life as his should be held up as
 a model to all generations."

***He wrote for the few—
 little thinking that his letters would
 be eagerly read by the whole world***

WHILE England slept, even under the shadow of the pelicans, a tall, gaunt figure in a dressing gown sat at a bedroom table, into the small hours, and wrote vivid pictures of what he saw from his international watch tower. The man was Walter H. Page, our wartime Ambassador to Great Britain. He wrote to President Wilson, Colonel House and other intimate friends and relatives.

"I shall always wonder but never find out what influence had in driving the President over," he wrote after the stream of 2,000,000 men of the A. E. F. had begun to reach the front.

And President Wilson, from this side of the water, wrote Page: "Your letters are a lamp to my feet."

PAGE'S position was unique in all history — the central, pivotal figure of the Great War. He was the lone advance scout of the greatest army we have ever raised — the contact point with the battle of nations. And this man's whole life had been a training in observation and the penning of what he observed. Is it any wonder then, that Bliss Perry said,

"Page's letters will be quoted by historians for all the time to come."

We feel that readers of THE WORLD'S WORK, magazine that Walter Page founded and edited, should have a special opportunity to secure these immortal letters; and we have printed a special edition for that purpose.

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BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

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ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT is telling



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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 322 — SEPTEMBER 6, 1924 — NO. 4183



A WEEK OF THE WORLD

OUR MONTHLY ISSUE

THIS week the *Living Age* undertakes a new service for its subscribers. Our regular weekly issues, prepared in the press of keeping pace with current world-affairs as recorded in two hundred or more foreign publications, afford less opportunity than we should like to give our readers larger and more leisurely surveys of art and thought abroad. Therefore we plan to expand one number each month to receive longer articles of the type that justify keeping a magazine on the table after the immediate topics of the day are exhausted.

✱

FRANCE AND THE DAWES REPORT

THE Paris correspondent of *Journal de Genève* reports that France is divided into three camps with regard to the Dawes Report. One party, which is preoccupied primarily with domestic policies and approves everything the present Cabinet does with its eyes shut, is inclined to treat any criticism of Herriot's proposal as blasphemy. The principal Paris press organs of this

party are *L'Ère Nouvelle*, *Quotidien*, and *Paris-Soir*.

The group at the opposite extreme, whose principal spokesmen are Pertinax — M. Géraud — in *L'Écho de Paris*, M. Jacques Bainville in *L'Action Française* and *La Liberté*, and M. Buré in *L'Éclair*, takes the position that Poincaré accepted the Report provisionally when he was in power, and more or less under duress, but always with the assumption that this committal did not limit the French Government in prescribing the way the terms of the Report should be applied. Between these extremes stands the great body of French citizens, who believe that the Dawes Report affords the only chance there is of obtaining anything for Reparations, that an agreement must be reached in general conformity with that plan, and that the country is deluding itself if it expects to obtain any real advantage from remaining in the Ruhr. Many of Poincaré's former supporters now hold this view.

Jean Herbette, foreign editor of *Le Temps*, and 'probably the most quoted journalist in the world,' says

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in an article in the *London Sunday Times*:—

Briefly put, by the end of 1922 the mass of the French public had become convinced that, in order to secure Reparations and ensure peace, it was necessary to teach Germany a serious lesson. The occupation of the Ruhr was that lesson.

But most French people, knowing full well that a foreign country could not be occupied indefinitely, regarded the occupation of the Ruhr as a means and not as an end. In their view it was a method of altering the situation as it appeared at the end of 1922 — the quasi-isolation of France, and the nonpayment of Reparations — to a better situation, where the Allies would be found agreed to obtain contributions from Germany at length resigned to the necessity for paying.

In fact the situation was thus altered in the way France desired, with the result that

the experts were called in and their labors have given birth to the Dawes plan — that is to say, a system destined to recover Reparations by the common action of the creditors, thanks to the assistance of the United States, and with the free consent of Germany.

This is precisely the change that most Frenchmen desired. It is not that they regard the Dawes plan as an eighth wonder of the world. It will not, for example, provide France with the expenses of restoring the devastated regions. Neither does it settle the vexed question of interallied debts. It contains expedients the value of which has yet to be demonstrated, that is, those concerning the transfers. Yet it represents the best scheme that has yet been formulated.

Quite consistently with this, *Le Temps* says in reply to the *Times's* criticism of the French attitude at the London Conference:—

It seems to us that French opinion, except that of a minority that is endeavoring to exploit the nonrecovery of Reparations for its own benefit, is not especially con-

cerned in the matter of sanctions against Germany, whether separate or collective. An immense majority of the French merely want reasonable assurance that the Report of the Experts will be applied in its entirety — that is to say, that its execution will not be arrested until the sums that it specifies are actually paid. Recourse to sanctions is merely an emergency measure. When people are not sure of collecting their money then they cling to sanctions as a shipwrecked sailor clings to a spar.

*

LABOR IN ITALY

OUR readers will recall that Mussolini began his public career as a Socialist agitator and editor, and that he has organized the workingmen who flocked to the Fascist fold into Fascisti unions. The evolution of Mussolini's social theories seems to have been from the ideal of a class struggle to that of class collaboration, as a means of securing more abundant production and more perfect social equilibrium.

The new régime has brought Italy an era of comparative social peace. Strikes, formerly almost chronic, have become very rare; wages have been reduced; the hours of labor have been extended. Production has increased both in agriculture and in industry, though not so much as was anticipated.

But these positive achievements are not wholly satisfactory to Fascist workingmen. They have grown restless and protest that the new policy is enriching employers at the expense of those they employ, who now work harder than they did before and get less in return for their labor. The Executive Committee of the Federation of Fascist Trades-Unions that met at Rome last summer drew up a list of grievances and demands which they presented to their chief. Among other things, the workers wish the unions to be given recognized standing at law, the appointment of arbitration com-

mittees to decide disputes over the labor contract, and a fairer division of the proceeds of agriculture and industry between the two classes that coöperate in production.

Mussolini has endorsed a somewhat attenuated programme along this line. He would give the trades-unions more legal recognition than they enjoy at present, improve the social welfare of the working classes, and encourage a system of profit-sharing.

The first two suggestions are too vague to have much appeal even for workingmen within the Fascist fold, and evoke only skeptical smiles from those outside it. Profit-sharing presents many thorny difficulties as soon as an attempt is made to apply it as a universal system. Are its benefits to go only to members of Fascisti-unions? Will the quasi-official unions proposed gain real advantages for the working people through their immunized agitation? A majority of the organizers and officers of Fascisti unions are former walking delegates and secretaries of Socialist and Communist unions. They are said to be losing their hold on the rank and file of their followers and perhaps to long secretly for the more exciting tactics of the past.

CHARACTERIZING THE FRENCH.

MR. PHILIP CARR replies in the *Observer* to the criticisms of France in the article by St. John Ervine which we print elsewhere in this issue. Among other things he says:—

With two of Mr. Ervine's general conclusions I am entirely in agreement — that the peasant is France and that the dominating character of the peasant is his extreme and industrious thriftiness. The French vice is meanness about money. In spite of his social ease and communicative nature, he is not hospitable. In France there are no spare bedrooms, and there is no dropping

in to meals. The rare invitation to dinner is a ceremony.

On the other hand, I cannot agree either that the French are in danger of an excess of formalism or that they are losing their gayety. I am surprised that Mr. Ervine should be among the many who were deceived on the latter point by the fact that French soldiers during the war did not sing on their way to the line nor play football or the piano behind it. They knew more of the bitterness of war than we, and they were fighting around the ruins of their own farms; but the calm cheerfulness of their philosophy was expressed again and again in that shrug of the shoulders and that classic phrase: *Que voulez-vous, c'est la guerre.*

On another point Mr. Carr is in qualified agreement with his friend:—

Mr. Ervine is right in saying that the French care more for equality and the British for liberty. He might have added that the Russians care most of all for the third virtue in the revolutionary motto — for fraternity. It is a question of national character, which is not new. It is as old as 1789, if not older. I can see no sign that the French are changing. You can find all the peasant's miserly thriftiness in Balzac. The Frenchman has always loved a brave show, but it is hard to say whether his military tradition is born of desire or necessity. Though he has many officials he hates officialdom, and though he is elaborately policed he hates submitting to discipline. He has certainly none of the German's love for an official uniform or an official title. His hatred of discipline is the reason for the defective organization of many of his public ceremonials, in which the crowd is always insisting upon going where it is told not to go, in a way which would be impossible to the order-loving and placid Englishman; but if such official organization sometimes breaks down, there is no one like the Frenchman for performing any formal or social act with the maximum of easy grace and absence of awkwardness.

Mr. Carr also endorses in a measure Mr. Ervine's assertion that the French are not catholic in their artistic tastes;

but he doubts whether the English are much better.

France, as I have often said, is intellectually without doubt the most insular country in Europe. However, she grew enthusiastic over the Russian ballet and the Chauve-Souris before London heard of them, and perhaps there is a little artistic snobbishness in that enthusiasm with which London society crowds to hear plays in a language which it can only imperfectly understand. I know that although I have lived in Paris for years, am married to a French wife, and speak French better than most Englishmen here, there is still much in the theatre that I miss. Perhaps if Mr. Ervine could easily understand rapidly spoken and colloquial French he would not be so hard, not only on the French theatre in general, but on cabaret shows in particular — I admit that I took him to a bad one. Verbal subtleties and topical allusions are the essence of such entertainments, and indeed the spoken word, treated either rhetorically or wittily, is far more important in the French conception of drama than the visual aspect — even though pantomime is a form which still lives in Paris.

Last of all, with regard to a question that is perhaps the hardest of all to settle and the least likely to be decided with good humor, Mr. Carr says: —

As for the two statements that American women dress more tastefully than French and that English working girls have more style than French, I think a Frenchman would confidently submit the first to the judgment of any group of women from a third country, while, although I should like to believe the second, — I certainly agree that the English girls are prettier, — I can hardly bring myself to do so.

WHEAT PRICES

The Nation and the Athenæum considers the world-wide rise in the price of wheat, which brought up the price of flour in Great Britain about 22 per

cent, an event transcending in importance 'Dawes Reports, Housing Bills, Revolutions in Mexico, and Presidential Elections.' It recognizes that wheat, and to a lesser extent some other agricultural products, have been lower as compared with manufactured articles than before the war, to the distress of the British farmer as well as his brothers across the seas. But the readjustment, if this proves to be one, will be an economic event of the first magnitude.

As regards Great Britain, the effects are likely to be of opposed kinds. On the one hand, the cost of our imported supplies will be immensely enhanced, as can be easily calculated from the figure of 29 million quarters as the approximate total of our necessary imports. On the other hand, the transfer of purchasing power into the hands of the farming communities of the world may have far-reaching effects in the stimulation of markets for certain types of goods. The change, moreover, opens out for British agriculture a prospect of relief from the depression which has long lain over it.

EGYPT UNDER THE EGYPTIANS

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Times* paints a gloomy — and perhaps not entirely unbiased — picture of Egypt's retrogression under the native régime. He says the irrigation service has already deteriorated. One big landowner averred that in thirty years under British administration he had never once suffered for want of water. Within a month of the replacement of the British engineer by an Egyptian under the new Government, and at the very beginning of the cotton season, he could get no water to irrigate his fields. When he did secure relief, it was due to the fact that two villages on the same canal had raised a purse of \$600 to bribe the engineer.

Formerly every train ran on time

nd there was little overcrowding. Two ears of Egyptian management have esulted in a sad lapse from this high tandard. Locomotive breakdowns are requent, the roadbeds are in such dis- epair that the speed of trains has been educed, broken windows and burned- ut lights are common, and the tourist an safely reckon on three or four ours' delay on an ordinary journey. While Alexandria keeps up appearances ecause the local government is largely i the hands of the leading merchants,airo is sinking back to Oriental sloth nd neglect. Its streets, which used to e remarkably clean and well-kept, are ow covered with the shavings and lit- er of the native workingmen who have et up their shops on the public foot- aths, and the janitor 'as likely as not eeps a sheep in the hallway of a fine odern block of flats.'

A BUDWEISER ITEM

HE old Bohemian city of Budweis has ecently been afflicted with a new phase f Katzenjammer. Its authorities have ut to death 980 feline companions of ingle blessedness — the newspapers eak of 2000 — under suspicion of ydrophobia. Coal gas from the city as works was employed as the lethal gent. Immediately the local humane ociety was up in arms. A mass meet- ing was held to protest, not against the eath of the cats, which was recognized s necessary, but at the 'barbarous' ethod used to kill them. The meeting roved to be a lively one, for two issues ere speedily agitating the audience: hether the discussion should be in oth Czech and German, or exclusively i Czech, and whether the draconic easures taken by the authorities were ecessary. Local newspaper accounts ay that each row of benches had at ast one orator, and all addressed the eeting simultaneously, though not on

the same subject. Rights of national- ity, rights of animals, medical lore, and legal technicalities were elucidated at the same time; but the first topic seemed to have the loudest and most excited champions.

A NOTE OR TWO FOR TRAVELERS

THE relatively quiet autumnal period, between big summer events like the Wembley Exposition and the Olympic Games and the opening of the opera season and winter exhibitions, offers a traveler in Europe occasional ready-made opportunities to peep into the industrial life of the country he is visiting.

During twenty days in October, the Annual Automobile Salon will be open in Paris. Between the second and the twelfth there will be a display of touring vehicles and accessories at the Grand Palais, and from the twenty-second to the thirty-first industrial cars, motors, and garage outfits will be exhibited at the same place.

Those who linger at Geneva or in the vicinity after the adjournment of the League of Nations Assembly will have an opportunity to attend an historical exposition of the Swiss watch industry, to be held in that city from the second to the thirtieth of October.

Travelers to the Far East who plan to visit the French Colonies in Asia, should bear in mind the Hanoi Fair, which will be open from November 30 to December 14. Like the Leipzig and the Lyon Fairs, this is an annual event, and its primary purpose is to bring manufacturers and merchants together for the purchase and sale of merchandise. But it also offers an excellent occasion to get a bird's-eye view of the peoples and products of southeastern Asia. Among the countries invited to

participate are the Straits Settlements, the Netherlands Indies, Siam, China, Japan, and Korea. The Fair occurs during the dry cool season most favorable for travel and sightseeing in the Eastern tropics. Hanoi is the centre of highways, railways, and water routes that enable the tourist to visit points of interest in the interior. The city consists of three distinct towns—the French quarter, with wide avenues and imposing public buildings; the native quarter, with the innumerable winding streets and booths characteristic of Oriental cities; and a citadel, containing among other things a famous Buddhist temple.

MINOR NOTES

ALTHOUGH French aviators are among the best in the world, and France stands in the forefront of aeronautic development, the French people do not patronize this way of traveling. Is this due to caution, conservatism, or thrift? The Government Department

of Aeronautics publishes the following figures showing the nationality of the travelers who embarked in airplanes in France during last June: Americans 40 per cent; English, 34 per cent Dutch, 7 per cent; French, 6 per cent various nationalities, 13 per cent. This is the more remarkable because some of the French lines operate entirely within French territory. Commenting upon this, *L'Écho de Paris* says: 'Evidently up to the present the Anglo-Saxons are the only ones who patronize air travel freely; this accords with their more sporting and adventurous temperament.'

THE Government of Peru has included in its estimates for the coming year 45,000 Peruvian pounds, or nearly \$200,000, for a monument to the Spanish soldiers who lost their lives during the War of Independence and are buried in Peruvian soil. The competition for the design of the monument is limited to Spanish and Peruvian artists.

1914-1924

MEMORIAL
JEAN JAURES



JEAN JAURES, French Socialist and Pacifist leader, was shot by a chauvinist assassin on the eve of the war. — *Vorwärts*, 1904



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER (to the militarists and politicians). Hypocrites! Let me lie in peace no longer. — *Ha Vo*

HOW THE WAR CAME TO VIENNA

From *Arbeiter Zeitung*, July 27
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST DAILY)

[VIENNA *Arbeiter Zeitung* reprinted as an anniversary article the following extracts from its Conservative-Clerical contemporary, the *Reichspost*, describing the state of public sentiment in Vienna immediately before the outbreak of the World War.]

July 25, 1914. — As early as four o'clock people eager for news began to assemble in front of the *Reichspost* Building. The impatient crowd rapidly grew larger. Among them were serving men and poor women who hoped to make a little Sunday money by selling the extra editions. Soon hundreds and hundreds were staring at our building. One could read on every face the question: 'Will Serbia's criminal plotting against the Monarchy be ended once for all, or will she yield again?' Many men in the crowd might have to march against the enemy tomorrow if the answer should be war, but even they were ready to welcome jubilantly the news that stern measures were resolved upon at last. Whenever a member of our editorial staff appeared at a window the people would shout up to him: —

'War or peace? Not even yet?' Finally, at a quarter of eight, one of us could call back from the window: 'War!'

For a second the throng was perfectly silent. It was as if people could not convince themselves that Austria, who had dallied and hesitated so long, at last meant business. But this moment of silence was followed by an un-

exampled, indescribable outburst of thundering cheers. '*Hoch der Kaiser! Hoch Oesterreich! Hoch Graf Berchtold! Hoch Graf Tisza!* Down with the Serbian plum-peddlers!' Then the crowd struck up in unison the solemn air of 'God Save' the old Empire on the Danube. Men sang it with uncovered heads, trembling voices, and eyes filled with tears of joy. Next they sang, as if by a common inspiration, the old cavalry song: 'Prince Eugene, the noble knight, again will capture for the Kaiser the town and fortress of Belgrade.'

With one impulse men threw their hats in the air, handkerchiefs were waved by thousands of hands, and if the Savoy Prince had ridden past from the Burgplatz the throng would have quickly shown him that Austrians still think and feel as they did in the days when he led them from victory to victory.

Patriotic demonstrations continued in front of the *Reichspost* Building until late at night.

July 26. — Immense throngs gathered in the Ringstrasse as soon as it was known officially that diplomatic relations with Serbia had been severed and a settlement by arms with that perpetually plotting neighbor was certain. Jubilant faces everywhere showed what a weight had been lifted from men's hearts. Every word and gesture, every posture and song, expressed the universal satisfaction felt at our Government's action. Officers and soldiers

who chanced to pass received an ovation. Enthusiastic speeches were made at Schwarzenberg Monument, in front of the War Office, and before the Rathaus. Orchestras in the cafés played military music to the accompaniment of the cheering of the guests. The people manifested in every way consciousness of their glorious past and determination to defend their country's honor as nobly and firmly as did their fathers and grandfathers before them.

At 9.35 P.M. an immense procession of enthusiastic patriots, preceded by an automobile containing Members of Parliament, debouched from Kartnerstrasse, past the Royal Opera House. In front of the Opera House, the column paused long enough to sing the national hymn with bared heads and immense enthusiasm. *Hoch Oesterreich! Hoch der Kaiser!* resounded from thousands of throats. Then the dense throng continued its march down the Ring, singing patriotic songs. Newsboys wormed their way through the dense mass of humanity that packed both sidewalks, shouting extras. A great crowd also gathered in the Graben and in Stephansplatz, singing *Die Wacht am Rhein*. Cheers for our loyal ally, Germany, echoed back from the walls of the old cathedral. Hats and canes were swung in the air; banners were waved. It was as if we were living over again the days of Father Radetzky.

July 27. — The impudent disturbers of our peace are to be taught a lesson. It is the people's will. It is the will of the people of the Monarchy that we crush the head of the venomous viper that has crept into our camp. Patriotic demonstrations in every part of the Empire proclaim this to the world. The people have risen and have rallied with flaming enthusiasm to our venerable battle-flag of black and gold, realizing that the storm we have seen

threatening so long is at length upon us. It has been a Sunday of patriotic demonstrations — a Sunday when we reconsecrated Austria's sentiment of solidarity, and saw a rebirth of the ideals and aspirations of the days of Prince Eugene, Archduke Karl, and Radetzky. It needed only proof that our rulers have at length decided to act, to take the resolute and manly step that the dignity of the Monarchy demands, to arouse the old Austrian spirit from the fatal spell that has lain upon it. Reports pour in from every corner of the Monarchy telling of enthusiastic patriotic demonstrations. Vienna was the scene of such demonstrations all day Sunday until late at night. . . .

Among the great patriotic manifestations yesterday was one of especial importance in front of the Italian Embassy. It showed the great value Vienna attaches to the noble principle of the *Dreibund* — the alliance with Italy. As soon as the vast throng learned from the newspapers and from the mouth of the Burgomaster in front of the Rathaus that Italy intended at this critical juncture loyally to fulfill her duty as an ally of Austria-Hungary, it was decided to organize a manifestation before her Embassy to testify to the nation's affection and gratitude. After midnight a procession of several thousand, waving flags and singing patriotic songs, gathered in front of the War Office. It marched from this place, headed by a band that played in succession Italian, Austrian, and German national airs, through Kaiser Wilhelming to the Schwarzenberg Monument, and from there through the Rennweg to No. 27, where the Italian Embassy is housed. Policemen, mounted and on foot, formed a cordon four deep in front of the Russian Embassy, to prevent the demonstrators from entering that building. As the

procession passed it hooted Russia and Serbia, but continued without further incident and in perfect order to the palace of the Duke of Avarna, where thundering cheers were given for Italy, her Ambassador, and her army. The demonstration in front of the palace lasted almost half an hour.

Another demonstration for Italy occurred at Volksgarten Restaurant last evening. While the orchestra was playing the Italian national hymn, the great audience rose and cheered enthusiastically for our ally. . . .

During these days of patriotic enthusiasm the people of Vienna naturally turn to the Rathaus as the centre and fortress of their civic spirit. At ten o'clock Saturday night two thousand citizens marched to the building, headed by a black-and-yellow flag. Alderman Rummelhardt thanked them for their exhibition of patriotic sentiment. Vienna's Burgomaster would certainly make this demonstration as a mandate to report at the steps of the Throne that the people of Vienna were ready to pledge their property and their blood for the Kaiser. This announcement was received with tremendous applause.

Sunday evening at ten o'clock a similar demonstration on a still larger scale occurred in front of the Rathaus. A procession of some thirty thousand citizens of all ranks of society marched to that point. . . . Dr. Mataja, in addressing the head of the city government, declared amid thunderous applause: 'The loyal people of Vienna beg you to lay on the steps of the All Highest Throne the assurance that the citizens of this city, above all at this critical moment, pledge again their loyalty to their imperial house, and to their dearly beloved Kaiser, and that they will defend the honor and prestige of Austria against all enemies.'

The Burgomaster, Dr. Weiskirchner,

replied: 'Did this have to be? Yes, it had to be! (*Stormy applause with cries of 'Yes, yes!'*) The measure was full to overflowing, and Austria's patience was exhausted. Europe's destiny for decades must be decided now. My beloved citizens of Vienna, you are living in a great age. May God protect and bless our glorious army! (*Wild applause*) We pledge our unending loyalty to our beloved old Kaiser. (*Thunderous applause*) To-day the Italian Ambassador called upon our Premier and assured him solemnly that Italy would stand loyally shoulder to shoulder with Austria. (*Wild applause*) Therefore I call for cheers for the monarchs of the Dreibund — long live the three monarchs!'. . . .

A beautiful incident occurred Saturday night at the Royal Palace. About ten o'clock a crowd of some three thousand people marched through the Burgring. A cordon of police had been stationed at the entrance of the Hofburg to keep people from entering the courtyard, but was unable to resist the pressure of the throng. The marching column crowded through the outer entrance into the interior court, where they drew up face to face with the Palace Guard. Thousands of voices began to sing 'God save,' in chorus. The Palace Guard presented arms and dipped its flag. This kindly tolerance of a demonstration in the very courtyard of the Palace, where such events are strictly forbidden, caused indescribable enthusiasm.

July 28. — By early evening great throngs surged through the Ringstrasse and gathered in a dense mass in front of the War Office. . . . An unidentified member of the crowd climbed up the pedestal of the Radetzky Monument and addressed the enthusiastic multitude. Among other things he said: 'To-morrow is a day of destiny for the

people of Austria-Hungary, for to-morrow is the first day of mobilization. (*Enthusiastic applause*) Come what will, we Austrians and Hungarians fear no one! (*Wild assent*) If a great and powerful neighbor dares to attack our Fatherland, we do not fear him. (*Renewed and prolonged cheering*) Here on this monument stands written above the double eagle: *In deinem Lager ist Oesterreich* — "Austria is in thy camp." An impudent crow has dared to peck at that double eagle's eyes. The double eagle, conscious of his power, has been patient and long-suffering, but now he will tear the crow to pieces with his powerful talons. (*Wild applause*) There will be no turning back. (*Stormy applause*) The command is "Forward!" (*Great applause*) Forward to the southeast, and if need be, also in another direction. ("Quite right!") There was enthusiastic cheering for our valiant army, for the Dreibund, for Kaiser Wilhelm II, for King Victor Emmanuel, alternating with the singing of the national hymn, of the 'Prince Eugene' and the 'Andreas Hofer' song, and of *Die Wacht am Rhein*. With indescribable enthusiasm the crowd shouted in unison: 'Long live the war!' 'Down with Serbia!' 'Down with king-murderers!' . . .

It is naturally impossible to give a comprehensive report of all the patriotic demonstrations that have occurred in different parts of the city. We can only say with a word that all Vienna is ablaze with glowing patriotic enthusiasm.

It is typical of the provocative conduct of Serbian and Russian foreigners that some of these fellows ventured at both the midday and the evening guard-mount to interrupt these great demonstrations by cheering for Serbia. The offenders were immediately given physical evidence of the fact that the long-suffering patience of

the loyal Austrian people is at length at an end.

July 29. — Shortly before eleven o'clock the Archdukes Eugene and Karl Albrecht were recognized while walking down the Ring. By the time they had reached Kaiser Wilhelmring several hundred people were following them with a continuous ovation. Just as they were entering the Stubenring an automobile with the two daughters of Archduke Friedrich approached from the direction of the Operaring. The two archduchesses ordered their automobile to stop and accompanied the archdukes on foot through the Stubenring to the War Office. Several hundred people had already gathered at that point. When the crowd following the imperial pedestrians joined them, cheers for the Kaiser and the members of the imperial family thundered from thousands of throats, followed by wild imprecations upon Serbia and the Serbian King. A great crowd continued to follow the royal party during the remainder of their walk, singing national airs, the 'Prince Eugene' song, and *Die Wacht am Rhein*.

An extra edition of the official *Wiener Zeitung*, issued at four o'clock announced that the Austrian Government had declared war upon Serbia. Extra editions of the other paper immediately followed, spreading the news among the people. It was received — especially after the report from England — with extraordinary satisfaction, and was made the occasion for tremendous demonstration that cast those of the previous four days completely in the shade. . . .

The people of Vienna have been shocked to-day by a sudden, unprecedented rise in the price of provision. Flour and vegetables rose suddenly and abnormally, potatoes fastest of

all. Day before yesterday they could be bought for from 1.40 to 1.80 crowns a kilogramme. To-day dealers are demanding as high as five crowns. It is easy to understand that this unjustified and abrupt increase in the cost of important articles of food has caused bitter indignation in the buying public. At Rudolfsheim market a stand was wrecked and at Nasch market a dealer who demanded six crowns for his potatoes was beaten and his potatoes were scattered on the ground.

The rapid rise in the price of potatoes is entirely unjustified and due to scandalous profiteering. The interruption in the supply will last only for a few days during mobilization. Furthermore, Vienna can procure for the time being vegetables enough for its indispensable needs from the immediate vicinity.

Conditions are a little different in respect to flour. Bakers and flour-dealers have not been able to lay in large reserves. The result is that they have been taken by surprise and have only a limited stock from which to supply their clamorous patrons, especially since the receipts of flour are very unsatisfactory. But there is no reason for the public to be alarmed. . . .

July 30. — This evening thousands upon thousands of people again surged through the main streets of the city singing patriotic songs. The principal centre of this enthusiastic demonstration was again the War Office, where numerous speeches were delivered. Similar gatherings assembled at the Schwarzenberg and the Deutschmeister Monuments. They show that this war is unquestionably a people's war.

ANGMAGSALIK

BY HERR HEDEGAARD

From Berlingske Tidende, July 13
(COPENHAGEN CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

ANGMAGSALIK, the northernmost Danish colony on the eastern coast of Greenland, was selected as the first goal of our globe-circling aviators after leaving Iceland. The 'Gertrud Rask,' which left Copenhagen July 20, carried oil, fuel, and reserve parts for our airplanes. The author, who gave this article as an interview just before returning to Angmagsalik from Denmark, was a passenger on that vessel. The 'Teddy' was a Danish exploring ship that was rushed in the ice last year, whose crew managed to reach Angmagsalik.]

FROM the hilltops behind Angmagsalik more longing and impatient eyes than usual have searched the sea this midsummer. That is the time when the only vessel bringing news from the outside world reaches the remote colony; and this time it will take home twenty-one of the colony's involuntary guests, the crew of the wrecked 'Teddy'. The native seal-hunter, posted by the flagstaff 600 feet above the sea, is almost as impatient as his homesick companions; for as soon as he espies the topmasts of the 'Gertrud Rask,' and can with good

conscience hoist aloft the *Dannebrog*, he is entitled to collect two kroner at the office of the Government Agent. Moreover, the moment that the Danish flag reaches the masthead to signal the arrival of the Government boat inaugurates the most festal occasion of the year — unless it be when the bell in the little church peals out its Christmas tidings.

Is the vessel's arrival ever reported prematurely? No. Imagine the disappointment that would follow! The colonists of East Greenland are too honest to deceive and too cautious to make mistakes. The seal-hunter who inaccurately reported the vessel in sight would forfeit forever afterward his social standing. No, if he is not sure he will go to the Agent's house and say: 'There is a dark spot over there. Lend me your telescope.' And not until he has verified his hopes beyond the possibility of mistake will he raise the flag that brings to the remote little settlement a joy that conventional people here cannot conceive.

The interval between sighting the 'Gertrud Rask' and her actual arrival may be exciting enough, especially as nothing can be done by the colonists to assist her if she is caught in the ice. Nor is it possible to predict conditions, for they may change entirely within ten minutes; but once inside the harbor, she is comparatively safe.

Next comes the absorbing question: 'What is the news?' For this is the only time in the year when Angmagsalik is in touch with the outside world. The first night after the vessel's arrival no one sleeps. Every European, at least, is absorbed in his package of letters and newspapers. The coffeepot simmers over the fire, and we read and read. The newspapers, of course, make a tremendous pile. Some of the colonists follow the rule of reading one issue every day precisely a year after its date

of publication. Personally, I run through the whole lot hastily, so as to get a general idea of what has happened, and later read them carefully one by one. You may be sure that no items, no matter how trivial and obscure, are missed in Angmagsalik.

Our friends from the 'Teddy' have not suffered for the necessities of life since they reached the settlement, for there was plenty of food in reserve — and medicine too, if needed. None the less, the unexpected arrival of twenty-one men in so small a community must have had its effect on supplies, and now that there is to be a radio-station at this point, the usual provision must be considerably increased. But we can be sure that the crew of the 'Teddy' have not suffered.

Their lodgings have probably been in 'The Castle,' the first permanent house erected at Angmagsalik. Originally it was occupied jointly by the Government Agent and the local pastor, but now separate residences have been built for both. The Castle is really a fine building for its locality. It contains three rooms, a kitchen, and an attic, and has been used of late as a guest house for official and other visitors.

Daily life in Angmagsalik is agreeable. I find it pleasant in Denmark, but often long to be back in Greenland. We have excellent people there, a peaceful and intelligent race of natives with whom it is a pleasure to associate. At present there are about seven hundred inhabitants in all East Greenland, distributed among twenty-four villages. Some of these places are very small — they average but one or two houses each. Cape Dan, which has six or seven houses and perhaps a hundred inhabitants, ranks next to Angmagsalik in size. A native village varies in population at different seasons of the year, for the people are seminomadic.

Angmagsalik itself has only one hundred and fifty permanent residents. The other residents are scattered along the coast from Scoresby Sound to Lindlov Fjord, over about the same distance as from Copenhagen to Rome. But in midsummer many Eskimos make a marketing trip to Angmagsalik, and during this period four or five hundred of them may be gathered there at one time. They live, during their sojourn at the metropolis, in skin tents or under their 'women boats' — which are not the same as their covered kayaks — turned over on the shore.

The purpose of these visits is not solely business. Besides selling their furs, the visitors take advantage of the opportunity to have certain religious rites performed, such as weddings, christenings, and communion. Indeed the church bell is ringing almost continually during the nearly nightless midsummer days.

The population of the Angmagsalik district is not declining, as often happens with native races, but is increasing rapidly. When the settlement was established in 1894, there were but four hundred people in the district. They now number, as I have said, about seven hundred. Few races have a higher birth-rate. The natives are progressive, eager to learn, and easy to teach. Their physical and mental stamina is surprising, when we consider that intermarriages are very common.

I have lived in Angmagsalik nine years, and the opinion that I have formed of the natives is a high one. The only official of Danish blood is the government Agent; all others are eskimos. No heathens now remain —

the last were baptized when Greenland celebrated its two-hundredth anniversary; but in the more distant villages the old pagan rites have not been entirely abandoned, especially in the winter.

We can easily understand this if we pause to recall what an important rôle ancient legends play in our own religious lore.

During the winter the weather is, of course, severe at times. The mercury occasionally descends to 32 degrees below zero centigrade; and this low temperature is often accompanied by a high wind.

The Eskimos' principal source of income is from the capture of fur-bearing animals, principally the seal, the white bear, and the walrus. Probably three fourths of the bearskins exported from Greenland come from Angmagsalik. While a general spirit of mutual helpfulness prevails, hunters' luck may account for great disparities in family incomes, and the big hunter who has thirty or forty pelts to dispose of at the annual market enjoys considerably more prestige than the poor fellow who has only shot a single seal. Fishing is a new industry, unknown when I first arrived in the country. At that time the only fish the natives knew how to catch were the *angmagssætte*, a small species of salmon which had given the colony its name. These run up the rivers in such heavy schools that they can be dipped out almost as easily as the water itself.

Altogether I consider Eastern Greenland a fine country. My wife and my children, as well as I, are eager to get back there.

BLACKSTONE AND AMERICA

BY A LEGAL CONTRIBUTOR

From the *Saturday Review*, July 26
(ENGLISH Tory WEEKLY)

How time and understanding can ob- driving out the natives . . . or by literate old feuds and reconcile and treaties. And therefore the common law transcend divergent ideals could receive no more striking illustration than the historic act of the members of the American Bar Association in presenting the memorial, unveiled in the Law Courts this week, to Sir William Blackstone, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and author of the classic *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. For Blackstone, in his serene and complacent Whiggery, was the embodiment of that political outlook that drove a wedge between the two great sections of the British race and lost for this country the allegiance of the American Colonies. Blackstone's theory of colonial dependence was an explicit assertion of the principle that the Americans combated in their successful rebellion: a doctrine which serenely dismissed these transplanted Englishmen from the privileges of the common law, while holding them subject to all the possible arbitrariness of a Westminster Parliament.

'In conquered or ceded countries which have already laws of their own,' wrote the jurist, 'the King may indeed alter and change those laws; but till he does actually change them the ancient laws of the country remain, unless such as are against the law of God, as in the case of an infidel country. Our American plantations are principally of this . . . sort, being obtained in the last century either by right of conquest and

driving out the natives . . . or by treaties. And therefore the common law of England, as such, has no allowance or authority there; they being no part of the Mother Country, but distinct, though dependent, dominions. They are subject, however, to the control of the Parliament, though not bound by any Act of Parliament, unless particularly named.' Herein is clearly expressed the claim of Great Britain to legislate for the Colonies and, inherently, the right to impose taxation without the consent of the colonists. The doctrine was one that had to be killed before the British Empire could come into being, and the American Rebellion made that Empire possible.

The issue, of course, did not turn merely on a refinement of legalism. In such case it might well have been argued that, whatever was the state of the law, neither Blackstone nor the American settlers were right in the facts that underlay their legal arguments. The colonization of the New World was, in truth, too vast a proposition to be fitted into the bounds of any legal formula. The contention of the Americans that their title to the country was founded on the discovery and occupation of desert and uncultivated lands — on which theory Blackstone would have admitted their right to 'all the English laws then in being which are the birthright of every subject' — was obviously as far from the

truth as the jurist's theory of acquisition by conquest.

The real difference between that public opinion to which Blackstone gave the precision of legal theory and the views of the colonists was the difference between the mind that looks backward and the mind that looks forward to a future whose possibilities are still ungauged and whose work is only just beginning. The cleavage came in the order of nature. Blackstone, contemplating with pride and wonder the superb edifice of the English law, and finding in a constitution 'so wisely contrived, so strongly raised, and so highly finished' a perfection that was incompatible with any idea of incompleteness, saw less than half the truth. Stagnating contentedly, like the rest of his age, in a contemplation of the greatness of the past, his eyes were closed to the possibilities of the future. That was a vision reserved for the exiles whom his narrow legalism drove out to separate nationhood.

Yet the immortal *Commentaries* went with the exiles into their new State. There was no fundamental quarrel. The difference between the two parties was mainly that one regarded as an end what the other felt convinced was but a beginning. The author regarded his work as the coping-stone of the great edifice. The Americans adopted it as their foundation. One might say that the quarrel was over once the colonists had won their case. From that moment their relations fell into order and due proportion. The passing of more than a century of peace between the two nations has enabled both countries to look at Blackstone, their common heritage, in some sense *sub specie æternitatis*. And, so viewed, his aims to the honor of both parties are disputable. For whatever mistakes, narrowness, or elasticity lurk in odd corners of his great gift to posterity, the

spirit, of which his work is the finest logical and literary expression, is the one great joint possession of the two countries, the property that has kept them at heart one nation, however the distinctions of frontiers may have kept them apart.

Blackstone's *Commentaries*, carried to America by the citizens of the new United States, with whose birth their publication was contemporaneous, may be compared with the live embers that Greek colonists carried overseas from the municipal hearth of their mother-city. For us in England a summary of principles of law, long hallowed and established by the unwritten custom to which they appeal, to the lawyers of the United States they assume the form rather of a great code or compendium of principles from which the bases of the country's organized life are derived. Alike here and there they uphold and exemplify the inspiring principles of that liberty — 'the best birth-right and the noblest inheritance of mankind' — which has become a commonplace in the lives of English-speaking peoples, wherever domiciled, and is guaranteed by the safeguards of representative institutions, trial by jury, and the supremacy of the law.

This deserved ascendancy achieved by Blackstone over the two branches of the English race is due not only to his great learning in the law. His preëminence, even in his own technical sphere, is largely owing to the fact that he is a great master of literature. His unique position in this regard stands declared by a comparison of his work with that of all the great English lawyers whose textbooks preceded him. Beside the Latin, Norman-French, and crabbed mediæval English of such writers as Bracton, Lyttelton, and Coke, the *Commentaries* stand out as the one authoritative work on the English law which is written in classical English.

In the sonorous rhetoric of its dignified and eloquent periods was reflected not a little of the golden speech that other men of the same century in England — Gibbon, Fielding, and Goldsmith — distilled into other departments of English letters. Blackstone is the only English lawyer who has produced a work which is at once both law and literature. The fact gives him a unique position among legal authorities. He is the one great lawyer with a voice for

laymen and, as such, he becomes the common possession not only of the legal professions but of the whole population of the English-speaking world.

Probably no other figure could be chosen so expressive of the essential unity of the English and American spirits, and in the thought of no other writer do the essential bases of the life of the two nations find such complete and succinct expression.

ANIMAL NEIGHBORS IN AFRICA. III

BY RUDOLF REQUADT

From *Kölnische Zeitung*, July 5, 8, 10, 12, 17
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY, BRITISH OCCUPIED TERRITORY)

ONE night as I lay restlessly on my field bed unable to sleep, listening to the obscure noises of the forest and looking through the open tent-front toward the village at the foot of the little hill on whose slope I had made my camp, I saw the tent wall move and my ear caught a snarling snort outside, almost at my elbow. This made me give a sudden start that jarred the tent pole. The next instant an animal, which had evidently bounded high in the air, struck the ground with a heavy thud and a snarling growl that made me gasp with terror; for I realized in a flash that this nocturnal visitor was a leopard.

Before I could reach for my gun he started to run diagonally past the front of the tent, but catching sight of me stopped and stood motionless. He looked like a big dog in the moonlight. His head was turned intently toward me, his tail was stretched out rigidly in

the grass, and one foot was half lifted as if he were undecided whether or not to spring. I sat motionless, equally uncertain whether to reach for my weapon. The leopard's fiery eyes glared straight at me, and his ears were pointed forward like those of a cat watching a mouse. Although I had a vague impression that the beast was more startled than angry, I could feel my hair rise on my head, and had a violent desire to end the situation no matter how. In a moment the leopard lowered his head, gave a low snarl covered the breadth of the clearing in two light springs, and vanished into the shrubbery.

I had hardly time to catch my breath when he appeared from another direction, still glaring at me fixedly and looking more threatening than ever. In fact, he walked deliberately a step or two toward my tent, but he turned reluctantly into the thicket and

a minute later I heard him dash wildly up the hill.

As I lay on the bed, weak with shock and excitement, my thoughts recurred involuntarily to my first night in the forest, when I had what seemed to me an even closer escape. Upon reaching Africa, I went directly from my landing port to a solitary bush-farm. My host opened several bottles in honor of my arrival, and we sat together talking and drinking until late at night. At length the farmer fell asleep over his glass, and I stepped out of the house to get a breath of cool evening air. I sauntered slowly around the building, which was closely encircled on every side by forest. Finally I stopped a moment near a group of thick shrubbery. The tepid, languid air clung to me like a garment, and only a faint glow of starlight suffused the dense, misty darkness. All at once I became aware of a great catlike animal close to the clump of shrubbery. I could make out lines of black spots patterned against its light shimmering hide. Just as I sprang back in terror, the animal made a leap and landed only a few paces away, glaring at me with fiery eyes and half-opened mouth. I uttered a loud yell, and for a moment imagined the animal actually had me. Instead of that, however, it turned around in a crouching, humiliated way, and vanished with a bound into the forest. Shaking like a leaf, I hurried back into the house.

The next morning when I related the experience to my host, he turned pale and shouted: 'That was the leopard! He comes past here every night.'

'Why don't you shoot him?' I said indignantly, for I was still excited over my narrow escape.

'Not only I but others have tried to,' was the answer. 'The beast is too sly. We have sat up for him in vain.'

All the following day I felt intervals

of faintness from the previous night's fright and, angered with myself, resolved when nightfall came to sit up for the animal. The farmer agreed to share my vigil. Toward midnight we heard dogs barking in the distance.

'That's the way he announces himself,' said the farmer. Other dogs began to bark a little closer, and so on down the line from hut to hut, the sound constantly growing louder.

'He must be about here,' surmised the farmer. Just then our own dog in the next room began to whimper and, approaching the window with a growl, broke into a wild baying. I caught a mere glimpse of the beast slinking like a shadow through the neighboring bushes.

'That's the way he does every night,' laughed the farmer. 'He keeps going; he does n't stop.'

Later we heard dogs barking farther and farther away, until the sound became inaudible in the distance.

A few nights after the leopard visited my tent, I was awakened by a snuffling sound just outside. Jumping up with my revolver in my hand, I opened a flap and saw several leopards standing in a group in the moonlight, and staring curiously at me. Half in anger and half in fright, I fired my revolver at them, whereupon they sprang high in the air and with one bound regained the forest and fled wildly up the hill.

Decidedly disturbed by the situation, I related my experience next morning in the village. The black boys grinned knowingly: 'Leopards? Oha, oha! They often come.' A tall fellow with a deeply scarred face, rolling his eyes in mimic terror, related the following experience:—

'A leopard did this to me. I was coming home from a jollification at another village late one night, tired and weary, and lay down to sleep under the trees near the trail. All at once I

felt something like a blow of a fist in my face, and looking up found myself staring into a big mouth that blew hot breath upon me between its long fangs. I don't know just what I did. Anyway, I howled and struck out so violently that the leopard was scared and with a yowl ran off into the forest.'

'But where do these leopards live?' I asked.

Several fellows tried to answer at once. Listening patiently until I could untangle their story, I learned that these animals were found chiefly in certain mountains half a day's march from the village, close to a little pond.

A few days later I visited the place, guided by two black boys. I wanted to kill a leopard, and my companions promised me that I should find them near the pond. We pitched my tent in a hidden spot among the trees, from which, however, I could get a view of the whole extent of the tiny sheet of water and a considerable tract of forest around us. When darkness came we took up our watch at the tent door.

'Why are you so sure that the leopards will come?' I asked.

'Because the game drinks here. Here's where they get their prey.'

'But why does n't the game drink elsewhere?'

'The pond is the only drinking-hole in this vicinity.'

Watching intently, I saw first small animals come down to the margin of the lake to drink, and later a few larger animals. All drank hurriedly, and then vanished into the thickets from which they came.

'But where are the leopards?' I finally asked. Thereupon the blacks began to make decoy calls, imitating the bleating of koodoos, the snorting of antelope bucks, and the bellowing of buffalo. Toward midnight we imagined we saw a catlike shadow slink along the shore of the pond, but it

vanished in a moment. Finally all the game had departed. The shores were silent; the black boys fell asleep. I continued my vigil, nevertheless, more alert than ever. Often I could hear the sound of a stealthy footstep in the neighboring thickets, and once I saw a startled wild hog trot hastily past. Finally there was a distant sound as if a puff of wind had swept through the forest, and I saw a long-legged antelope break out of the bushes across the pond and dart down the shore in a series of tremendous springs. Right at his heels was a leopard, leaping lightly behind his quarry, and apparently playing, catlike, with the prey it knew was already in its power. The black boys awoke with a start. Just then the antelope, having cleared the length of the unobstructed shore, vanished into the forest simultaneously with the leopard, now only a few inches from his quivering flanks.

'The antelope's done for,' said the blacks. 'But a leopard is a cruel beast and does n't kill with one bite. He lacerates his prey little by little with his claws, and only springs at its throat when it is already dying from fear and loss of blood.'

As I sat listening to the retreating sound, the blacks relapsed into slumber, and a little later I also was asleep beside them. While we were eating breakfast next morning, a strange black came to the tent and after some preliminary conversation told us he lived in the vicinity, and knew where there was a den of young leopards up in the mountains. If I would pay him, he would take me to a place where I could look at them without much danger. I welcomed the chance and made a quick bargain with the fellow. We set out along the shore of the pond, at first following a faint trail and then plunging into a pathless mountain wilderness cut by numerous rivulets.

We had to push through dense thickets and jump over boulders for some distance before we finally reached a place where we could see a peak ahead of us, which the black pointed out as the goal of our journey.

When we reached its base, I found myself facing a cliff. The black explained that from the top of this we could look into the leopard's den. Warning me to make no noise, he led the way up the steep ascent, while I cautiously clambered after him, supporting myself by the tough broom-plants. When we reached the upper edge of the cliff, the black motioned me to wait, and crept forward on all fours until he came to a big boulder. Sheltered by this, he looked cautiously over into what seemed to be a depression just beyond. Turning with a gratified gesture, he beckoned to me to come ahead quietly. I crept forward on my hands and feet until I reached him. Then I rose and, following his directions, looked cautiously around the stone to where he pointed.

A deep, narrow gully lay ahead of us, the bottom of which was strewn with boulders and broken by isolated clumps of bushes. After searching for some time, my eyes caught sight of what looked like a farmer's spring house surrounded by a hedge of thick shrubbery, beside which on big flat stones lay several spotted animals, whose light hides glistened in the sun. They were a mother leopard with three half-grown cubs. The leopardess was stretched lazily upon a stone higher than the rest, surveying with purring contentment her young, who lay dozing side by side in the hot midday sun. I gazed at them for some time with intense interest, until the leopardess, apparently feeling that she was being watched, rose alertly with a low growl that made her cubs instantly prick up their ears. The black warned me in a whisper to

look out. Just then the leopardess saw us, sprang over the shrubbery with a bound, and, followed by her startled cubs, disappeared into the green jungle beyond.

When I returned to our camp I found the black boys busy making a pit, as I had directed them. I planned to catch a leopard the next night; at least I intended to try to trap one. Just before sundown we tied a kid, which I had bought from my black guide of the morning for this purpose, between two tree trunks directly over the pit, which we had previously covered with slender boughs and a thin layer of earth. This done, we left the kid to its fate, and hid ourselves near the entrance of my tent.

By this time it was already dark. The kid's bleating could be heard far and wide. The game that came down to drink was evidently disturbed by the sound, and hastened away even quicker than the night before. In fact, some animals turned back without drinking. In this way the time passed until midnight. Suddenly the kid gave a wilder and more terrified bleat than ever, and four leopards appeared in front of the pit — one large one and three half-grown ones. To all appearances they were the same family that I had watched the previous day.

For a moment it looked as if all the leopards would spring on the kid together, but the leopardess was too wary. Admonished by her caution, the three smaller ones stopped also, lashing their tails greedily and pricking their ears forward toward the prey. For several seconds the four thus stood as if transfixed, glaring at their victim. But the alarm of the leopardess increased. She made a high bound backward, as if to frighten her young ones, but they were too preoccupied to take notice — in fact they were just on the point of springing at their quarry. The worried leopardess rushed back to

prevent this, but one of her cubs, apparently thinking this was to encourage him, leaped at the kid and seized it with a crushing bite in its jaws. Just as he did so, however, he sank backward into the pit. For an instant the two others seemed about to follow their brother, but the mother leopardess, beside herself with anxiety, sprang at them with a growl, drove them forcibly back, and all three dashed away into the darkness.

Meanwhile a maniacal yowling and snarling came from the pit, while the kid, evidently expiring from the young leopard's savage bite, still bleated faintly. I started to rush forward, but one of the blacks detained me with a quick gesture, and pointed into the obscurity to where a slinking shadow moved stealthily among the shrubbery. Obviously it was the leopardess. Soon a powerful, slender body could be distinguished creeping, with ears pointed sharply forward, toward the pit. By this time the bleating of the kid had ceased, but the imprisoned cub was making more noise than ever. He not only screeched and snarled, but kept trying to spring out of his prison; tumbling back each time with a crash upon the reeds and branches that had descended with him when he fell. The mother crept cautiously nearer until we could see her plainly. All at once she ran quickly, with her body close to the ground; across a small clearing directly away from the pit, but with her eyes still fixed on it.

I got my gun ready to shoot. A moment later we saw the leopardess slink across another clear spot. To my surprise she was taking a course that would bring her directly behind our tent. The black boys, badly frightened, began to pray to their tribal spirits. We were all listening intently for the slightest sound, when the beast came into sight again, not as we expected behind us, but on the bank across the

pond, at a point where there was a slight elevation. Only her head was visible outside the surrounding bushes. She watched the pit in a tense, listening attitude, as rigid as if she were chiseled from marble, and entirely oblivious to us. I lifted my gun and took careful aim at her fine head. Just as a beam of moonlight glistened on her big eyes I fired. She sprang free of the bushes with a wild screech, and fell with her forelegs crumpling under her upon the white, moonlit shore. Howling fearfully, she rolled over and over, disappearing with a succession of twists and somersaults into the undergrowth. The young leopard in the pit answered his mother's agonized cries with a whining howl. After the leopardess was out of sight in the shrubbery I could still follow her course by the movement of the branches until it was lost in the darkness.

Since it was long past midnight, we now tried to get a little sleep. The black boys succeeded excellently, but I was too excited for slumber. Whenever I did doze off for a moment, a more savage snarl than usual from the leopard in the pit would rouse me. Therefore I welcomed the arrival of dawn with much relief. As soon as it was light, I carefully inspected my gun, and proceeded to the pit, accompanied by the blacks. We pulled away more of the covering, and saw the young leopard crouching motionless at the bottom. A shot in the head killed him, and the blacks climbed down and pulled him out.

We next went to the other side of the pond, where we easily picked up the trail of the leopardess. It was easy to follow, partly on account of the blood, and partly because she had dragged her body along the ground. Yet we were not sure that she was completely disabled, and advanced with great caution.

Suddenly we came upon her lying limp in a thicket, covered with blood and litter, but glaring at us so fiercely that the black boys jumped behind me, and I shot as quickly as I ever did in my life. A yawning sigh was the only answer, for the bullet passed through her brain. We then examined the previous wound. My first shot had hit

her in the shoulder, breaking both forelegs.

The blacks carried the leopardess back to my tent and laid her beside her young one. I could not entirely repress a pang of remorse as I gazed at the two helpless, mutilated forms, and recalled the picture of savage, fear-inspiring beauty they had been the day before.

THE GREAT THREAT

BY GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS

From the Dublin Magazine, June
(IRISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

Two elderly men were riding in a pony cart at early morning. The man driving was dressed as a laborer, his passenger wore a curious green bowler-hat and a quaintly cut suit which he had worn on his wedding day, twenty years before. He was staring moodily at the pony's flank, and turning occasionally to keep an eye on a small tin trunk that rattled in the back of the cart.

'It's funny you setting off so early, Simon,' said the driver, breaking a long silence.

'It would be funnier if I did bide longer, for what I've put up with this last twenty year would be wrong for human lip to tell.'

'Oh, so it's that way, is it? I did hear a bit of talk over along in the village, but I could n't make much of it. Some reckoned your missis had turned you to doors, and others were for saying you'd been that nasty toward her you had a fear of the law.'

'It's dark lies they tell,' said the passenger, energetically. 'I've never so much as raised eyebrow against her;

it's she that makes me life a thing of shivers and starts. You deny everything they say, Bob; you tell 'em straight that I'm the most wronged man in the parish.'

'When I've heard more, I'll exercise me mind upon it, but not afore, for right's right,' said the driver with judicial severity. 'Though this I will say afore you begin, that it's a great wrong, or a great something, that takes a man gallivanting across the globe at your time of life.'

'It's this way,' said the passenger reflectively. 'My missis is stupidly contrary, and you know the kind of man I be.'

'Moody and short-tempered, I'm told,' said the driver sympathetically.

'I'm not, but if I was, whose fault would it be? Why, hers — she was born to aggravate me, and she has always done so, from my first falling-in with her in the lane when she was a servant at the big house. Yes, for five years she would n't say aye or nay to me, and there was I like a pea on a hot

shovel. I was forty-two years of age when I married her, and I wish now I'd waited till I was a hundred and two.'

'But I've heard tell, over along in the village, that what's hard won is well won,' said the driver.

'It's a deal I have to tell; if you keep on interrupting so, I'll not get it done,' said the passenger irritably.

The driver apologized.

'And now,' said the passenger, 'what I'm thankfullest for is that, she having money of her own, I'm free to leave with all that's mine and put her to no want.'

'Very proper, because if it were n't so you'd have regrets; and regrets, I've heard, is most like a adder biting at your kipes,' said the driver, holding out the lash of his whip in illustration.

'Where was I?' said the aggrieved passenger. 'Well, now, we had n't been married long afore I began to take notice of her aggravating ways. She spraddles over the fire so that there's no room for a man to get his share of comfort, and she'll read a newspaper with a crinkling and a rattling that's enough to keep a man from snoozing beside his hearth, same as he belongs to — and I, being a unmarried man for so much of me life, I'd collected a few habits about me.'

'Ah, now what might they be?' said the driver, winking at the hedge.

'Why, many a thing — a hot bottle in bed, winter and summer, and me bedroom door open as well as the window, and to go to rest early and uprise early, and have no one speak to me when I'm reading the paper, because then I lose the sense of the printed word, and if there's silence it encourages a man to read out a titbit aloud. But there, boy, if I was to try to tell you all I'd got habited to, 't would take me hours.'

'I've heard that a man of character

is more full of whims than sense,' said the driver.

'That's it, boy — you've hit it. I'm a man of character, I always have been, and she, being dull-witted, did n't understand me. As I was saying, it was in the second, or maybe the third, year we were together that I spent a sleepless night and made the great threat.'

'Eh, what threat?' said the driver, almost pulling up the pony in his interest.

'This threat I'm carrying out now — to go abroad and never come back no more.'

The driver stopped his pony. 'Do you mean for to say that you're crossing the sea, never to come back to the land that reared you?'

'I mean that.'

'But they'll bury you out there; not even your clay will come back to where it belongs.'

'I know all about that,' said the passenger, as fumbling in his pocket he produced a folded piece of paper with very frayed edges. 'There you are — that cost me pounds — that's me ticket.'

The driver took the paper respectfully. 'But,' said he, 'it's dated ten years back; you'll not be able to use this.'

'There's a bit of a history about that. How's the time going, boy?'

'Much as ever catch the train,' said the driver, encouraging his pony into a trot.

'Perhaps there's another train would suit me just as well; or, for that matter, I could take lodging in the town and go on to-morrow. Did you notice anything at all uncommon about my missis when you come for me this morning?'

'I can't say I did, because I was n't taking any particular notice. What did you mean now?'

'I was wondering if you did think she

looked anyways cast down at having driven me to doors.'

'I've heard it said that plump women hide their fancies and their worries,' said the driver; 'but what about that ticket?'

'Well, some years ago, that woman of mine got so outright nasty I threatened I'd leave her, and, sure enough, it quieted her for a time. But by and by she got like a thing used to it, so one day I lost me temper, and away to go to a shipping agent in the town, and bought this ticket to Canada — it cost a brave lot of money, but it was the best investment ever I made, for she paled at the sight of it, and so she did for years. I had it in full view on the mantelpiece to remind her like. Then come by and by she took no notice of it till I'd put it in me pocket, and put on me hat as if I was for going there and then. But lately she'd hardly take any notice of it, whether I had it in me hand or no.'

'I've heard that the mind of a woman is slow to get at a trick, but that once —'

The aggrieved husband spoke quickly. 'Trick — it was n't no trick. I meant to go if she was n't careful; I've been meaning to go all these years, and here I am setting off now with all that I value of me clouts, and a few things beside, packed tight in the box that's behind; and when it comes to windy nights and short days she'll think of me, and she'll be sorry, but it will be too late when I'm over yonder, sitting by camp fires, singing 'em songs of the old country.'

'It's almost a pity, too — breaking up a home,' said the driver.

'She should have thought of that afore, Bob. She had her chance a fortnight ago to-day, when I had a mind to drink tea and she had a fancy to drink cocoa. I drank the cocoa because I'm a peace-loving man, but after

I'd done so I took down this ticket from the mantelpiece and says I: "Ann, this is the end of it; as soon as I can get packed, I'm off," I says, and she yawned, and then, losing me temper, I put the ticket in me pocket and lighted a candle and went up over stairs and began for to pack, and since that night I've gone forward steady in me preparations, as you do know.'

'You've ordered me to be at your gate at half-past seven in the morning for every day in the past week, and always at evening would come a message from you to say the next day would suit better.'

'It's a very important thing for a man to leave house and home and wife, Bob — you're not a married man, it's no use talking to you, but there's times when I could have wished she would have behaved different, so that I could offer to give her another chance. Why, I was on me way down to you yester evening to put you off for another day, but when I got to the garden gate she called to say I was to take the door key because she was going out, and that finished me. I went back and began to strap me box, and here I am started, for she knows that I hate to come back to a empty house and let myself in with a key. Yes, that finished it, boy, so here I am with money and gear and everything but a good heart.'

The pony cart drew up at the station; the two men got out and lifted down the little tin trunk that had been Simon's from the time when he first went into service.

'What about your ticket? Best haste to get it,' said the driver.

'What time is next train for Liverpool?' asked Simon of a porter.

'Ten minutes,' said he.

'You'll just have time,' said the driver.

'Much as ever, boy,' said Simon,

standing awkwardly in the rush of those who came and went to the train.

'Come on, give me the money, I'll get it,' cried the driver, and at that Simon moved uncertainly toward the booking office.

He made his request in a voice so feeble that the booking clerk repeated sharply: 'Liverpool?'

Simon nodded, and the driver congratulated himself upon having such first-hand knowledge of the drama.

'It cost me pounds,' said the old man, looking at the tiny ticket held in his shaking fingers.

'Yes, but it will carry you nigh five hundred miles,' said the driver, looking at the extended ticket; 'and you best come on quick now, or the train will be off without you.'

There was some difficulty in persuading a porter to put the battered tin box in the carriage, till Simon drew a shilling piece from his pocket. There was still a little time to wait; the two old men talked at the carriage door, one dully, speaking of everything in the past as though he were condemned to execution; the other briskly, having in his mind the sensation he would cause when he discussed this thing with his cronies in the public house.

A porter slammed the carriage door, the guard moved impatiently, his green flag suspended.

'Good-bye and good luck to you out there in furrin parts,' shouted the driver, putting out his hand.

Simon threw open the carriage door and, ignoring a loud-voiced porter and the enraged guard, he pitched his tin box to the platform and sat on it triumphantly, as the train moved gradually from the station.

'What's that for?' said the driver, with the injured tone of a man who had been cheated of his sensation.

Simon was mopping his head. 'Another jiff and it would have been too

late; boy,' said he; 'I never paid you for carting me in.'

'No more you did, but it's no odds; I'd give you that and welcome for a bit of a send-off like,' said the driver, hastening to inquire when the next train left for Liverpool.

He came back looking disappointed. 'There's no other this forenoon, but a good one goes in the evening, what they do call a through train. I spoke to the headmaster and told him all about you, and he said you could leave your box in his office; he was proper interested, and he wanted to know if you had your ticket for the sea voyage, and I said no.'

'Let him mind his own business,' said Simon darkly.

'Well, I must be off now, Simon,' said the driver, going toward his patient pony.

'What's the haste, boy? I'll tell you what, it's not every day that a man steps out from his native country for good and all; let's make a spree of it; let me and you go up to "The Seven Stars" and have a little jollification till my time comes.'

The driver refused but, being pressed, he succumbed to temptation, and Simon, since he would again be driven to the station when his time came, insisted that his box should be put in the back of the trap. The pony was stabled; the two men went into the bar, and the hours passed pleasantly with them, and their speech became irregular, and they spoke each what was in his mind to the other.

'If I'd a been your missis I'd have turned you out seventy years ago,' said the driver, squinting horribly at Simon; 'for I've a heard tell that there's none so tiresome as he that have mated with a young wife.'

'She's ten years younger than me to a day, and that's proper, because it gives 'em respect,' said Simon, spilling his beer in an attempt to look manly.

'A nice one to respect,' sneered the driver; 'a man that takes a fortnight to pack a few shirts! Seems so to me that you don't mean to go, and that you're making a fool of her, and of me and everybody. I've heard tell of your kind, a snake with his eye on his own tail trying to journey forth.'

After this their metaphors became so mixed that the landlord remonstrated with them, and they sat sulkily till it was time to set out for the station again.

They were just turning into the station yard when Simon threw his arms about his scandalized companion's neck. 'It's no good; I can't do it, boy,' said he thickly; 'you've unmanned me by your kind talk, and I begin to see things a bit more clearly — I've a mind to give her another chance.'

The driver tried to pull his passenger from the trap, and failed, for Simon was a heavy man. 'You've made a proper stupid of me,' said he, climbing into his seat again; 'and if our weights was equal I'd scruff you into the train for sure.'

They drove the five miles back without speech to one another, though the driver kept up a running commentary

to his pony of things he had heard in the village to the detriment of elderly husbands. He intended to drop his passenger and his box at the gate, but, seeing a light shining strongly from the kitchen, he forgot his hostility in the interest he felt. The door of the cottage was opened; Simon was silhouetted against warm light, and a woman's cheerful voice rang out: —

'I've been expecting you these hours, Simon; how come you to be so late?'

'I missed the train, Ann, but I've a got me ticket to Liverpool all right, and all being well I'll use him to-morrow.'

The woman's voice was raised. 'Ticket — I'm not going to have any more ticket games.'

The door was shut. Twenty seconds passed; then the ticket fluttered from Simon's hand. 'I've heaved it away, Ann,' he said feebly.

The door was opened; the old man and his box disappeared into the light; and the driver searched in the garden for the useless ticket.

'It'll be a curio,' said he, 'for I've heard tell that a bit of evidence do make a story go the better.'

He drove away to tell the tale while it was fresh in his memory.

THE COMPLEAT PICKNICKER

BY R. D. PECK

From the *Manchester Guardian*, May 22
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

My earliest picnic, late schoolday period, is a memory of intense organization, mostly by aunts, involving the postcarding of the different branches of the family and the hasty alteration of these postcards by bicycle-scout messages which never joined up in time. Over all was the standard injunction not to bring too much, which always resulted in a shameful oversupply of something stodgy or sticky and an acute shortage of tea or milk. Or there were either seven kettles or only one, small and nickel-plated, brought by an aunt of brevet or local rank 'in case.' Then there always seemed to be an oversupply of uncles round the fire and quite short words between those of the same blood before the kettle boiled, if it ever did.

I am not sure that anyone loved these picnics except in anticipation or retrospect. Overorganization is a bad fault either in battles or picnics. Many of the best of both have been based on a detailed plan which was scrapped on the night before the show, which floated to glory on the luck of a good day.

Later on in life came the bicycle picnics which pervaded the age of painful shaving and the three-inch collar. They were rather intense, and I am not sure that the modern road-hog has anything on us when I think of the distances we covered in mud or dust in order to outdo the last cousinly record. And there was always, at least for me, a shortage of the right kind of girl or a

surplus of the wrong kind of man, who was usually from London, where he had got over his shaving troubles, wore a new kind of knickerbocker, and sailed off up the hills with the desirable young woman of the day in tow by his belt in virtue of a new gadget on his bicycle which made light of hills and girls.

Our luck, for I had companions in sentiment, was usually a bunch of earnest, good, or clever young women whose saddles slipped, chains came off, and tires punctured remorselessly, while far ahead in the moonlight glinted the white blouse and sailor straw-hat of the desired one with her two-speed cavalier. They would wait for us on bridges or at the top of steep hills, and converse with us rear-guards at long range while holding hands over the handlebars of her machine. Then, as we drew nigh, puffy and grunting, they would mount and sail off, leaving someone — usually me — busy with Margaret's chain, while Margaret got her breath back and readjusted her not quite invisible hairnet.

Shortly after that I took to fishing, and accordingly looked on all picnickers much as the plus-four man looks on a duffers' three-ball match on a busy Sunday morning; but I am not sure that I did not touch the high mark of the true picnic in these days. Good trout water, all strictly preserved, was plentiful within fifty miles of where I lived, and it was a joy to lie back in the heather with the sun on one's face and

two of the smallest grizzling at one's feet on a heather-root fire, knowing well that the keeper was on the other side of the hill with the shooting party.

Many different kinds of picnic came my way during the next ten years; I have even been at a French family picnic — an affair of state and ceremony, involving drinking of endless healths and dancing on the greensward with Madame, ample beyond words, to the music of a flageolet played by one of the youngest of her many sons in white socks. Madame smiled and gyrated steadily, but never moved her axis, while I revolved furiously round and round her, trying to make a little ground toward the dishes, where I might tread on something and create a diversion. But it was a great success for the pre-war entente cordiale.

Then I remember picnics in America. Perhaps it was the climate or perhaps the smiles of young female America for the war-worn Britisher who 'had been at Mons' — which he had n't — or perhaps it was the boundless and expensive hospitality of the American in general when he sets out to give anyone a good time, but I shall never have others quite like them. Someone's father, kindly rich and unobtrusive, provided saddle horses whereon to ride to a maple-fringed river in the heart of a primæval and strictly private forest. He also provided canoes wherein to paddle and flirt, and he, or someone else, thoughtfully provided me with a bathing-suit wherein to watch and envy flashing, boylike sylphs dive and swim in the dangerous pools with a freedom only to be gained in a part of America where the sun always shines and where the water is never cold. The same unseen host provided several cars full of attentive Negro servants and varied food and bottles. Also an aunt, who mixed drinks of a kind one

used to read about, so that, for me at least, the ride home in the warm moonlight, with fireflies flashing in the shadows, was as near danger as I had come since saying good-bye to Ypres Town Hall.

Nowadays I am down to the motor picnic. But I have at length found out the true essence of the picnic. There are those who say it has to do with fresh air and eating one's food in the open, with dispensing with tablecloths and plates. But the essence of the picnic lies in the fire, the fire of small sticks, crackling and efficient, so that the tea or the soup or sausages or whatever the groundlings think may constitute a picnic be hot and scalding.

There are fools who cannot light a fire without setting a forest or a common ablaze or boil a kettle without raising enough smoke to call all the wardens of the county. And when they have learned the beginnings of this business of fires they may go on to the law and find out where the Englishman stands in the matter of fires and the commons and the highways and the strip of green betwixt the road and the hedge, so that they may outface a justice of the peace or present a rich stockbroking landowner with a card, tell him not to talk nonsense, and so hear no more of it.

But my great joy is to climb with my car up the grassy slopes of the green downs to one of those age-old earth forts which dot the green roads of England, and there to choose by divination and my bundle of dry ash twigs where the hearth lay of old, to cut a turf or two for the kettle to sit on, to light but one match, and then, if the day is kind, to lie back on the green turf above the relics of our forefathers with my face to the blue sky and let these twin gods, Fire and Sun, fight it out. I am for whichever wins!



— North China Herald

EARLY WRITINGS OF LEWIS CARROLL

BY HIS HONOR JUDGE PARRY

From the *Cornhill Magazine*, April
(LONDON LITERARY MONTHLY)

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON, better known to the world as Lewis Carroll, was born on January 27, 1832, at Daresbury, near Warrington, of which parish his father was then incumbent. As a young man, while he was still at Rugby, he amused himself and his family by bringing out local magazines of a topical and domestic character, the pictures and writing of which were almost entirely his own. Mr. Collingwood, his biographer, gives some amusing extracts from *The Rectory Umbrella* (1849). Later on there was another periodical called *Misch-Masch*, but both these were purely private and family affairs.

It is said by his biographer that his first literary work published to the world was contributed to the *Comic Times*. The first number of the *Comic Times* was dated Saturday, August 11, 1855 — not, as Mr. Collingwood has it, 1853. At this date Lewis Carroll, who was resident in Oxford, was twenty-three years old. He had recently taken his degree and had been appointed Sub-librarian at Christ Church. In June of this year he had visited London, and an extract from his Journal shows that he had visited the Princess's Theatre and seen Mrs. Kean as Queen Catherine in *Henry VIII*. We are told that it was through Frank Smedley that Lewis Carroll became a contributor to the *Comic Times*, and it would be exceedingly interesting to know how young Dodgson, who had spent his life at

Rugby, Oxford, and in family country rectories, and was looking forward to ordination, should find himself one of a band of clever, if somewhat Bohemian, literary men in London and a welcome contributor to their journals.

The *Comic Times*, a copy of which I have unfortunately been unable to discover, was a venture of Mr. Ingram, the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*. In 1855 Edmund Yates, who was then about four-and-twenty and had contributed light verse to the *Illustrated London News*, was sent for by Mr. Ingram, who was at warfare with Bradbury and Evans, and commissioned to start the *Comic Times*, which was to be issued at a penny, and was intended to be a thorn in the side of *Punch*.

Yates started off with youthful enthusiasm, and Bohemia met him with open arms. Frank Scudamore, W. P. Hale ('Billy' Hale, immortalized in Thackeray's quip: 'Good Billy Hale, take him for half-and-half, We ne'er shall look upon his like again'), John Oxenford, George Augustus Sala, the brothers Brough (William Brough and Robert Brough — 'Bill' and 'Bob' in the taverns of Bohemia, or, when their backs were turned, 'Clean Brough' and 'Clever Brough') — these were the writers, and the artists were Charles H. Bennett and William McConnell. It seems doubtful whether Frank Smedley was ever a contributor — probably not — and Edmund Yates in his reminis-

cences does not mention Dodgson as one of his contributors to the *Comic Times*.

Smedley, however, was an intimate friend of Edmund Yates. Poor Frank Smedley, whose 'Frank Fairleigh' and 'Lewis Arundel' delighted the boys of more than one generation, was a permanent invalid imprisoned in a wheeled chair in his rooms at Jermyn Street. His physical malady made society impossible to him, but those few who knew him speak of him as a fine, manly character and a man of pure heart in whom was no guile. He and Yates were firm friends. They wrote a little volume together, *Mirth and Metre by Two Merry Men*, with some parodies of Tennyson and Longfellow in it, funnily illustrated by William McConnell. This little book was mighty popular, and it may be that it attracted Lewis Carroll to Smedley; but how the young don of Christ Church became friendly with the invalid of Jermyn Street there is, as far as I know, no record, though one can well see that they would be kindred spirits.

For the rest I cannot say that it is easy to picture Lewis Carroll in the land of Bohemia — 'a land of chambers, billiard-rooms, and oyster suppers; a land of song; a land where soda water flows freely in the morning; a land of tin dish-covers and foaming porter' seen through a haze of much tobacco. One can believe that Lewis Carroll would greatly admire Robert Brough's *Cracker Bon Bon* and quote its puns and rejoice in its parody and nonsense verse — perhaps some of the best in the language. But one cannot believe that he ever sat up of nights with 'Clever Brough,' already nearing his tragic end, who wrote this bitter autobiography to a friend: —

I'm twenty-nine. I'm twenty-nine!
I've drunk too much of beer and wine,
I've had too much of love and strife,

I've given a kiss to Johnson's wife
And sent a lying note to mine —
I'm twenty-nine! I'm twenty-nine!

This was no companion for Lewis Carroll.

Indeed, but for Mr. Collingwood's statement — 'It was through Frank Smedley that Mr. Dodgson became one of the contributors' to the *Comic Times*, and that several of his poems had appeared in it which met with the editor's approval — I should have supposed that Dodgson first wrote for *The Train*. For Edmund Yates in his memoirs only mentions him as a contributor to that magazine, saying: 'In number three [of *The Train*] I published a poem by "Lewis Carroll," under which pseudonym, then first adopted, the author has since won vast popularity.'

Edmund Yates describes all his contributors with much detail and good humor, but says nothing more about Dodgson, so that I am inclined to think their communications were epistolary and not personal, and that the young Oxford don was not in any sense a comrade of the very Bohemian staff of *The Train*. No doubt he was in sympathy with their written work and well content to be allowed to hang his early work in their gallery, signed by a name that would not be recognized within the respectable curtilage of Christ Church.

The *Comic Times* came to a sudden end. Ingram tired of it, and after sixteen numbers he wound it up, leaving editor and contributors out of a job. But the youthful band was not to be balked of its opportunity, and bravely started a monthly magazine of their own on a coöperative basis — a subscription of £10 each, £120 in all being the capital subscribed. 'The staff was the same as the staff of the *Comic Times*, with the addition of Frank Smedley,' says Edmund Yates, 'who joined us at once at my suggestion.' No one was to be paid for contribu-

tions, but profits were ultimately to be divided. Alas! there were none to divide.

On January 1, 1856, *The Train* appeared in a green cover with a vignette of an express coming out of a tunnel and the motto, *Vires acquirit eundo*, printed under the little picture. It was a plucky prophecy, and one could have wished that it had been fulfilled, and that the proprietors had seen their magazine 'gain new strength and vigor as it goes.' But after two years and a half it died bankrupt, owing Edmund Yates over nine hundred pounds.

But lovers of *Alice in Wonderland* will for all time make a pilgrimage to its pages that they may read the earliest text of some of Lewis Carroll's work and see with reverent eyes the first page that contains the famous *nom de guerre*. The history of the name is interesting. After Smedley had introduced Dodgson to Yates they corresponded and, whether or not Dodgson contributed to the *Comic Times*, he certainly contributed to *The Train*, and the editor preferred that he should sign his contributions.

Lewis Carroll thereupon set down for Yates two anagrams and two portman-teau-words, as he would call them, founded on his real Christian names — Charles Lutwidge. The anagrams were Edgar Cuthwellis and Edgar U. C. Westhall; the other suggestions, Louis Carroll and Lewis Carroll, being founded thus: Lewis = Ludovicus = Lutwidge, and Carroll = Carolus = Charles. With sure editorial instinct, Edmund Yates chose Lewis Carroll.

It was in March 1856, according to Edmund, that the pseudonym was first used. Lewis Carroll's biographer places the date in May. It is a small matter, but Edmund Yates is correct. The full list of Lewis Carroll's contributions to *The Train* is set out at length: —

1856. Vol. I, p. 154. 'Solitude,' by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by W. McConnell.

1856. Vol. I, p. 191. 'Ye 'Carpette Knyghte' (unsigned), printed, as in 'Rhyme? and Reason?' in old English letters. With the exception of spelling, the three verses are the same.

1856. Vol. I, p. 286. 'The Path of Roses,' by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by C. H. Bennett.

1856. Vol. II, p. 249. 'Novelty and Romancement: A Broken Spell.' By Lewis Carroll, illustrated by W. McConnell.

1856. Vol. II, p. 255. 'Upon the Lonely Moor' (unsigned).

1856. Vol. II, p. 278. 'The Three Voices,' by Lewis Carroll. A somewhat different version of the present poem in 'Rhyme? and Reason?'

1856. Vol. III, p. 231. 'The Sailor's Wife,' by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by C. H. Bennett.

1857. Vol. IV, p. 332. 'Hiawatha's Photographing,' by Lewis Carroll.

In Vol. V, the last volume of *The Train*, there is no contribution from Lewis Carroll.

'Solitude,' 'The Path of Roses,' and 'The Sailor's Wife' are serious poems and may be found reprinted in *Phantasmagoria and Other Poems* (1869) and *Three Sunsets* (1898).

'Solitude' is dated by Lewis Carroll March 16, 1853, and was therefore written when he was only one-and-twenty. It is a pretty poem, and the last two verses are prophetic in their appeal: —

Ye golden hours of life's young spring,
Of innocence, of love and truth!
Bright beyond all imagining,
Thou fairy dream of youth!

I'd give all wealth that toil hath piled,
The bitter fruit of life's decay,
To be once more a little child
For one short sunny day.

But the great interest in these contributions to *The Train* centres in 'Upon the Lonely Moor,' which all lovers of the 'Alice' books will be interested to

read at length, exactly as it was first published in *The Train* of 1856.

UPON THE LONELY MOOR

It is always interesting to ascertain the sources from which our great poets obtained their ideas: this motive has dictated the publication of the following: painful as its appearance must be to the admirers of Wordsworth and his poem of 'Resolution and Independence':—

I met an aged, aged man
Upon the lonely moor:
I knew I was a gentleman,
And he was but a boor.
So I stopped and roughly questioned him,
'Come, tell me how you live!'
But his word impressed my ear no more
Than if it were a sieve.

He said, 'I look for soap-bubbles,
That lie among the wheat,
And bake them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men,' he said,
'Who sail on stormy seas;
And that's the way I get my bread —
A trifle, if you please.'

But I was thinking of a way
To multiply by ten,
And always, in the answer, get
The question back again.
I did not hear a word he said,
But kicked that old man calm,
And said, 'Come, tell me how you live!'
And pinched him in the arm.

His accents mild took up the tale:
He said, 'I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain-rill,
I set it in a blaze.
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowland's Macassar Oil;
But fourpence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil.'

But I was thinking of a plan
To paint one's gaiters green,
So much the color of the grass
That they could ne'er be seen.
I gave his ear a sudden box,
And questioned him again,
And tweaked his gray and reverend locks,
And put him into pain.

He said, 'I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,

And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night.
And these I do not sell for gold,
Or coin from silver-mine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

'I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs;
I sometimes search the flowery knolls
For wheels of hansom cabs.
And that's the way' (he gave a wink)
'I get my living here,
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honor's health in beer.'

I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I duly thanked him, ere I went,
For all his stories queer,
But chiefly for his kind intent
To drink my health in beer.

And now if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe;
Or if a statement I aver
Of which I am not sure,
I think of that strange wanderer
Upon the lonely moor.

One interest of the above version of 'The Aged Man' is that Lewis Carroll in his salad days, writing for his friend Edmund Yates, made no bones about asserting that his poem was a parody on Wordsworth's 'Resolution and Independence.'

I find in some marginalia in my copy of Wordsworth, penciled many years ago, I noticed the parallel, but I had wholly forgotten the matter, and certainly had not seen how close the parody was in spirit, if not in rhythm. The Poet and Traveler has quite a touch of the White Knight about him. When he meets the old leech-gatherer on 'the margin of some moorish flood,' he immediately tells us:—

Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray
hairs.

And after impressing us with the agedness of the old man, the Traveler proceeds to inquire: —

What occupation do you there pursue?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.

The aged one, true to type, replies with words that 'came feebly, from a feeble chest,' that

to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor:
Employment hazardous and wearisome.

He explained at quite unnecessary length that in 'this way he gained an honest maintenance,' but the Traveler was deep in other thoughts.

The old man still stood talking by my side;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide.

Suddenly awaking, however, to the fact that the ancient leech-gatherer is burbling about the worries of the leech business, the Traveler's 'former thoughts returned,' and so: —

Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew:
'How is it that you live, and what is it you do?

Lewis Carroll, with his keen instinct for the ludicrous and love of parody, saw a subject to his hand and caught the comic spirit of the thing in a flash. When, in 1856, he wrote it for *The Train* he had no objection to avowing that it was a parody of Wordsworth's poem, but in 1871, when he used the piece again in *Through the Looking-Glass*, he seems to have preferred to leave his indebtedness to Wordsworth more obscure.

One cannot help thinking that there are some lines in the first version in *The Train* that might have been spared and retained in the White Knight's version in *Through the Looking-Glass*.

In the second verse the making of soap-bubbles into mutton pies is better than the use of butterflies, which are obviously dragged in for the rhyme.

Personally, I prefer the idea of dyeing 'gaiters' as less farcical than 'whiskers' — which always smack of the Victorian music-hall — and the exercise of multiplication by ten to get the resultant of the question asked is what an old friend of mine used to call 'an exact Carrollary.'

In the same number of *The Train* in which 'Upon the Lonely Moor' appears, there is a prose humorous story entitled 'Novelty and Romancement,' also by Lewis Carroll. The fun of this is centred in a grotesque pun which leads the author, whose soul yearns for poetry, to seek the meaning of the signboard, 'Simon Lubkin Dealer in Romancement.' It appears at the end of an amusing interview with the bewildered Simon that what he really dealt in was Roman cement, but the sign-writer had run the two words together, as Lewis Carroll did so cleverly in after life with his wonderful port-manteau-words. It is curious he did not reprint this piece, as his mock confessions of his early efforts at poetry with which he introduces his jesting story are characteristic, and certainly 'Romancement' is a very pretty word.

'My thirst and passion from boyhood,' he says, 'predominating over the love of taws and running neck and neck with my appetite for toffy, has been for poetry — for poetry in its widest and wildest sense — for poetry untrammelled by the laws of sense, rhyme, or rhythm, soaring through the universe, and echoing the music of the spheres! From my youth, nay, from my very cradle I have yearned for poetry, for beauty, for novelty, for romancement. . . .

' . . . The verses which I wrote at an early period of life were eminently distinguished by a perfect freedom from conventionalism and were thus unsuited to the present exactions of literature: in a future age they will be read

and admired, "when Milton," as my venerable uncle has frequently exclaimed, "when Milton and such like is forgot!" Had it not been for this sympathetic relative, I firmly believe that the poetry of my nature would never have come out; I can still recall the feelings which thrilled me when he offered me sixpence for a rhyme to "despotism." I never succeeded, it is true, in finding the rhyme, but it was on the very next Wednesday that I penned my well-known "Sonnet on a Dead Kitten," and in the course of a fortnight had commenced three epics the titles of which I have unfortunately now forgotten.

"Seven volumes of poetry have I given to an ungrateful world during my life; they have all shared the fate of true genius — obscurity and contempt. Not that any fault could be found with their contents; whatever their deficiencies may have been, *no reviewer has yet dared to criticize them.* This is a great fact. The only composition of mine which has yet made any noise in the world was a sonnet I addressed to one of the Corporation of Muggleton-cum-Swillside on the occasion of his being selected mayor of that town. It was largely circulated through private hands, and much talked of at that time; and though the subject of it, with characteristic vulgarity of mind, failed to appreciate the delicate compliments it involved, and indeed spoke of it rather disrespectfully than otherwise, I am inclined to think that it possesses all the elements of greatness. The concluding couplet was added at the suggestion of a friend, who assured me it was necessary to complete the sense, and in this point I deferred to his maturer judgment: —

When Desolation snatched her tearful prey
From the lorn empire of despairing day;
When all the light, by gemless fancy thrown,
Served but to animate the putrid stone;

When monarchs, lessening on the wildered sight,
Crumblingly vanished into utter night;
When murder stalked with thirstier strides
abroad,

And redly flashed the never-sated sword;
In such an hour thy greatness had been seen —
That is, if such an hour had ever been —
In such an hour thy praises shall be sung
If not by mine, by many a worthier tongue;
And then be gazed upon by wondering men
When such an hour arrives, but not till then!

In the fourth volume of *The Train* we find the original verses of 'Hiawatha's Photographing.' Lewis Carroll was an ardent photographer from the earliest times, and in this 1857 edition of 'Hiawatha' he describes his technical methods, which in later years he probably thought would be out of date and therefore not comprehensible to modern readers. Thus at the line 'mystic awful was the process' he continues: —

First a piece of glass he coated
With collodion, and plunged it
In a bath of lunar caustic
Carefully dissolved in water —
There he left it certain minutes.

Secondly my Hiawatha
Made with cunning hand a mixture
Of the acid pyrogallic
And of glacial acetic,
And of alcohol and water —
This developed all the picture.

Finally he fixed each picture
With a saturate solution
Which was made of hyposulphite
Which, again, was made of soda
(Very difficult the name is
For a metre like the present,
But periphrasis has done it).

Lewis Carroll appears to have been the first editor and moving spirit of *College Rhymes*, a little magazine of verse contributed by members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The first number appeared in 1861. Many of the poems that Lewis Carroll afterward acknowledged and printed in *Phantasmagoria* (1869) and *Rhyme? and Reason?* (1883) made their first appearance in *College Rhymes*. It is not

easy to say which contributions are by Lewis Carroll. It is quite possible that, as editor, he often came to the rescue of an anæmic number by some impromptu verse of his own of a hearty and jovial character. He once uses the pseudonym Lewis Carroll at length. His serious verse he acknowledges by his real initials, C. L. D. For other verses that he afterward reprinted he uses the initials B. B., or R. W. G., or K., or, on occasion, he prints verses without signature or initial.

The two following pieces — 'The Ode to Damon' (1862) and 'The Majesty of Justice' (1863), signed B. B. and R. W. G. respectively — are certainly by Lewis Carroll. It seems curious that he did not reprint them himself, for they are quite as entertaining as some of the humorous verse in *Phantasmagoria*.

ODE TO DAMON

FROM CHLOË WHO UNDERSTANDS HIS
MEANING

Oh, do not forget the day when we met
At the fruiterer's shop in the city:
When you *said* I was plain and *excessively* vain,
But I knew that you *meant* I was pretty.

Recollect too the hour when I purchased the
flour
(For the dumplings, you know) and the suet;
Whilst the apples I told my dear Damon to hold,
(Just to see if you knew how to do it).

Then recall to your mind how you left *me* behind,
And went off in a bus with the pippins;
When you *said* you'd forgot, but I knew you had
not;
(It was merely to save the odd threepence!)

Don't forget your delight in the dumplings that
night,
Though you *said* they were tasteless and
doughy;
But you winked as you spoke, and I saw that the
joke
(*If it was one*) was meant for your Chloë!

Then remember the day when Joe offered to pay
For us all at the Great Exhibition;

You proposed a short cut, and we found the thing
shut,
(We were two hours too late for admission).

Your 'short cut' dear we found took us *seven*
miles round
(And Joe said exactly what we did);
Well, *I* helped you out then — it was just like
you men —
Not an atom of sense when it 's needed!

You said, 'What's to be done?' and *I* thought
you in fun,
(Never *dreaming* you were such a ninny);
'*Home* directly!' said I, and you paid for the fly,
(And I *think* that you gave him a guinea).

Well, *that* notion, you said, had not entered your
head:
You proposed, 'The best thing, as we're come,
is
(Since it opens again in the morning at ten)
To wait' — *Oh, you prince of all dummies!*

And when Joe asked you, 'Why, if a man were to
die,
Just as you ran a sword through his middle,
You'd be hung for the crime?' and you said,
'Give me time!'
And brought to your Chloë the riddle.

Why, remember, you dunce, how I solved it at
once —
(The question which Joe had referred to you),
Why, I told you the-cause was 'the force of the
laws,'
And you said, '*It had never occurred to you.*'

This instance will show that your brain is too
slow,
And (though your exterior is showy)
Yet so arrant a goose can be no sort of use
To society — *come to your Chloë!*

You'll find *no one* like me, who can manage to see
Your meaning, you talk so obscurely:
Why, if once I were gone, how *would* you get on?
Come, you know what I mean, Damon, surely.
B. B.

CH. CH., OXFORD

THE MAJESTY OF JUSTICE

AN OXFORD IDYLL

They passed beneath the College gate;
And down the High went slowly on;
Then spake the Undergraduate
To that benign and portly Don:
'They say that Justice is a Queen —
A Queen of awful Majesty —

Yet in the papers I have seen
Some things that puzzle me.

'A Court obscure, so rumor states,
There is, called "Vice-Cancellarii,"
Which keeps on Undergraduates,
Who do not pay their bills, a wary eye.
A case I'm told was lately brought
Into that tiniest of places,
And justice in that case was sought —
As in most other cases.

'Well! Justice, as I hold, dear friend,
Is Justice, neither more than less:
I never dreamed it could depend
On ceremonial or dress.
I thought that her imperial sway
In Oxford surely would appear,
But all the papers seem to say
She's not majesty *here*.'

The portly Don he made reply,
With the most roguish of his glances,
'Perhaps she drops her Majesty
Under peculiar circumstances.'
'But that's the point!' the young man cried,
'The puzzle that I wish to pen you in —
How are the public to decide
Which article is genuine?'

'Is't only when the Court is large
That we for "Majesty" need hunt?
Would what is Justice in a barge
Be something different in a punt?'
'Nay, Nay!' the Don replied, amused,
'You're talking nonsense, sir! You know it!
Such arguments were never used
By any friend of Jowett.'

'Then is it in the men who trudge
(Beef-eaters I believe they call them)
Before each wigged and ermined judge,
For fear some mischief should befall them?
If I should recognize in one
(Through all disguise) my own domestic,
I fear 't would shed a gleam of fun
Even on the "Majestic"!'

The portly Don replied, 'Ahem!
They can't exactly be its *essence*:
I scarcely think the want of them
The "Majesty of Justice" lessens.
Besides, they always march awry;
Their gorgeous garments never fit:

Processions don't make Majesty —
I'm quite convinced of it.'

'Then is it in the *wig* it lies,
Whose countless rows of rigid curls
Are gazed at with admiring eyes
By country lads and servant girls?'
Out laughed that bland and courteous Don:
'Dear sir, I do not mean to flatter —
But surely you have hit upon
The essence of the matter.

'They will not own the Majesty
Of Justice, making Monarchs bow,
Unless as evidence they see
The horsehair wig about her brow.
Yes, Yes! *That* makes the silliest men
Seem wise; the meanest men look big:
The Majesty of Justice, then,
Is seated in the wig.'

R. W. G.

OXFORD, March 1863

There are certainly other verses by Lewis Carrol in these little volumes, and anyone who loves his work might easily guess their authorship; but I have not found anything of outstanding merit, and the two poems here given are signed by accredited initials, and their authorship is not a matter of guesswork.

I have hunted for a copy of the *Comic Times*, but without success. In some way it seems to have escaped the catholic immortality of the British Museum shelves. There may, perhaps, be work of Lewis Carroll in its pages if, as his biographer asserts, Dodgson was a contributor to this periodical.

These fragments from *The Train* and *College Rhymes* seem to a lover of Lewis Carroll's verses worthy of reproduction, and to read the original version of the 'White Knight's' poem may perhaps enable the oldest of us

To be once more a little child
For one short sunny day.

MEMORIES OF FASHODA

BY GENERAL BARATIER

From *Le Correspondant*, June 25
(LIBERAL CATHOLIC SEMIMONTHLY)

[THE Marchand expedition — in which the author of this article, and General Mangin, then junior officers, were both serving — set out from the French Congo, crossed Africa, and confronted General Kitchener — then Sirdar of Egypt — at Fashoda when he arrived on the White Nile after his victory over the Sudanese dervishes at Omdurman in 1898. The expedition was dispatched by the French Government to extend French influence on the Upper Nile. The presence of this small force of French troops was designed to support the contention of French diplomats that the region, having been evacuated by Egypt in 1883-4, was now *une terre vacante*, open to the first colonizing Power that occupied it. The British, on the contrary, claimed it by virtue of Kitchener's victory and also by virtue of the former Egyptian occupation. The military situation was complicated by the fact that the fanatical Sudanese dervishes of the Mahdi Abdullah — who had proclaimed a new Caliphate — asserted Sudanese independence, and until their defeat by Kitchener were equally ready to fight either English or French or both. The same territory is to-day in dispute between Egypt and Great Britain.

General Baratier begins his present account at the time when the first attack of the dervishes on the little French force had been beaten off, and before the arrival of Kitchener's Anglo-Egyptian army. After that event the

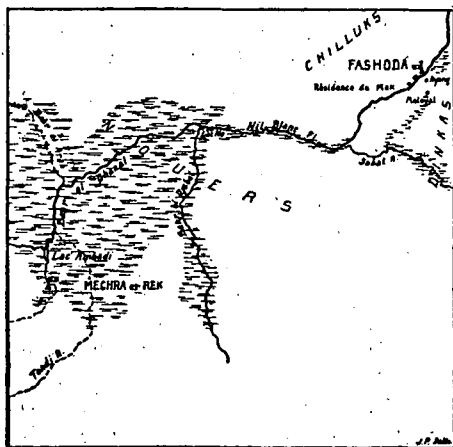
peace of the world hung in the balance until at length France yielded all her claims.]

News began to go about from mouth to mouth that the dervishes were coming, but as that was all we heard we were not very much worried, in spite of the disturbance among the population. We knew that when the Mahdists really did decide to come they would not send us word in advance. We knew too that they could not surprise us. For calm and confident though we were, our guard was never relaxed day or night. The very slightest suggestion of an enemy was reported with a care that was almost exaggerated.

In any event it was hardly reasonable to suppose that anyone could attack us at that season, for the roads were so impassable that they could hardly be said to exist at all, and the dervishes had not enough steamers to send troops up the Nile to deal with us. The greater part of their expedition would have to follow the roads overland, and that would be impossible for the next two months.

I was giving voice to this very opinion one day after lunch, while shuffling the cards for our usual game of whist, when a breathless Chilluk rushed in. The dervishes were advancing with two steamers and six barges, while a strong column was approaching on foot along the river! Presently messenger after messenger came hurrying in. At first

there were only two steamboats and no barges, then there were two steamboats and three barges. By two o'clock there were certainly sixteen boats and more than twenty barges, and these latter figures, as well as the news of the troops advancing along the right bank through the Dinka villages, — which they burned as the inhabitants fled in terror before them, — seemed reliable.



We should have a force of at least seven thousand men to deal with, although we ourselves were only a hundred and sixty strong, including all our men. We might hold out for a week, but after that —

The Chilluks looked at us with an air of pity, just as they had when the dervishes attacked the first time. 'You are brave men, no doubt,' their eyes said clearly, 'but they are too many for you. There will be none of you left tomorrow night.' They really liked us, but it was no use counting on help from them in spite of the protestations of the Grand Mek, who swore to perish at our side. Scarcely had the sun set when the night was filled with furtive sounds. It was the people of the near-by villages making for the woods with their cattle and possessions. Fleeing, poor friends? No matter. You would be only a handi-

cap in battle. A single squad of riflemen would be worth a thousand of you.

Two of our usual intelligence-agents, in the full costume of native spies, — in other words, without a stitch, — their clubs and lances in hand, brought in some extraordinary news. Two soldiers, former Chilluks who had not been seen for fifteen years, had landed with a letter for Major Marchand. They were spending the night in the near-by village and would come to the fort at dawn.

'Look out,' added the prudent Abugomun, 'they say they are not dervishes, but it is not true. Keep your eyes open — the dervishes have more than one trick up their sleeves.' Had the Caliphate then returned to the old practice of the Mahdists, who always sent out a demand for surrender before fighting? At four o'clock in the morning our defenses were manned. At six o'clock a band of Chilluks, among whom we could make out two Negroes in European uniforms, fully armed and wearing magnificent cylindrical military caps with red plumes, emerged from the neighboring village and made for our north bastion. When they reached us, the red-plumed pair came to a regulation port-arms, and one of them held out to Marchand an envelope addressed to the 'Chief of the European Expedition at Fashoda.'

It was a letter from Kitchener, the Sirdar, Commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army and the British forces in the Sudan. Marchand read it aloud: —

BANUL, September 18, 1898

SIR: —

I have the honor to inform you that on the second of September I attacked the Caliphate at Omdurman and, having destroyed its army, have re-occupied the country. Shortly afterward I left Omdurman with a flotilla of five gunboats and a considerable force

of English and Egyptian troops, en route for Fashoda.

On my way I encountered dervishes at Renkh, attacked them, and after a short combat captured their camp and their boat and made the chief emir, Said Sagheir, my prisoner. He has informed me that, complying with the orders of the Caliphate, he was recently at Fashoda in quest of wheat, and that a combat took place there between his troops and certain Europeans. Finally he returned to Renkh, from which he was sent to secure reënforcements from Omdurman for the purpose of driving the Europeans from Fashoda; and while he was awaiting the arrival of these reënforcements, we attacked him.

Considering the presence of Europeans at Fashoda very probable, I have thought it my duty to write you this letter in order to advise you of the events which have recently taken place, and to inform you of my early arrival at Fashoda.

I have the honor to sign myself, with the expression of my most distinguished sentiments,

(Signed) HERBERT KITCHENER,
SIRDAR

The Anglo-Egyptian army, then, was soon to make its — let us say junction with the French Mission on the Nile, the Mission whose nationality the Sirdar pretended not to know and whom he described with a truly British politeness as 'certain Europeans.' We did not feel under any obligation to be irritated and never dreamed of being offended by that 'certain.' While our riflemen were curiously eying the two emissaries of the Sirdar, Marchand immediately wrote the following reply to the English General.

FASHODA, September 19, 1898

MON GÉNÉRAL: —

I have the honor to acknowledge

receipt of your honored communication dated Banui, September 18, 1898. I have learned with the keenest pleasure of the occupation of Omdurman by the Egyptian army, the destruction of the bands of the Caliphate, and the definite disappearance of the Mahdists in the valley of the Nile. I shall, no doubt, be the first to present my sincere congratulations as a Frenchman to General Kitchener, whose name has for so many years incarnated the struggle of victorious modern civilization against the savage fanaticism of the Mahdists. Permit me therefore, General, to present my respectful congratulations to yourself first of all, and to the gallant army which you command.

This agreeable duty concluded, I regard it as my duty to inform you that by order of my Government I have occupied the Bahr el Ghazal as far as Mechra er Rek and the confluence of the Bahr el Djebel, besides the Chilluk country on the left bank of the White Nile as far as Fashoda, which I entered on the tenth of last July.

On the twenty-fifth of August I was attacked at Fashoda by a dervish expedition composed of two steamers which, I believe, were the 'Chebeen' and the 'Kaoka,' manned by 1200 men with artillery. The combat, which began at 6.40 A.M., ended at five o'clock in the evening with the flight of the two steamboats, which were saved by the current with what remained of their crews. Most of the large barges which they towed were upset, and the 'Chebeen' was badly damaged. As a result of this affair, the first consequence of which was the liberation of the Chilluk country, I have signed with Sultan Kour-Abdel-Fadil, the Grand Mek, on the third of September, a treaty placing the Chilluk country on the left bank of the White Nile under a French protectorate, subject to ratification by my Government. I have sent

two expeditions to take the treaty to Europe, one by way of the Sobat and Abyssinia, the other by way of the Bahr el Ghazal and Mechra er Rek, where my steamer, the 'Faidherbe,' has been sent with orders to bring me the reinforcements which I regarded as necessary to defend Fashoda against a second attack of the dervishes, stronger than the first, which I expected about the twenty-fifth of this month.

Your arrival has prevented this.

I present my best wishes and welcome you to the Upper Nile. I have noted your intention to come to Fashoda, where I shall be happy to receive you in the name of France.

Accept, General, the expression of my most profound respect.

MARCHAND

The Sirdar had sent his letter to us by native noncommissioned officers. Marchand sent his back by two sergeants, Moriba Keita and Segal Moriba, who took their places with the two Egyptian soldiers in a whaleboat manned by sixteen Yakomas dressed for the occasion in superb red tights. The little boat sped swiftly away with the tricolor fluttering at its stern. The Sirdar would be able to make out at a good distance the nationality of those 'certain Europeans' whom he expected to find at Fashoda.

All this was at half-past seven in the morning. An hour later the whole garrison — in the dress uniforms that had been carefully saved for two years with these great days in view — was under arms to await the arrival of the steamers. At ten o'clock the English flotilla entered the channel of the fort. The 'Sultan' was leading with her guns in battery, the crews at their combat posts. Behind the 'Sultan' came four gunboats towing a dozen enormous double-decked barges carrying the English staff and fifty officers together

with a battalion of Highlanders and the Tenth and Eleventh Sudanese battalions — in all about two thousand men. All the gunboats and dahabeahs flew the Turkish flag except the barge carrying the Highlanders, from which floated the Union Jack. One after another the steamers came to anchor beside the 'Sultan,' facing the fort. On the parapet was drawn up our company of Sudanese riflemen.

We had sent an invitation to the Sirdar to come to Fashoda, and he had accepted it by arriving with his entire squadron just under the walls of our fort, his gun ports open, flags flying, artillery ready. All this display made no great impression on our riflemen. Sergeant Moriba had let the Sirdar know as much. As a matter of fact, after looking over Marchand's report brought in the whaleboat, Kitchener had questioned Moriba who, he thought, must be thunderstruck by the display of his forces: —

'Are there many of you at Fashoda?'

Our brave soldier replied: 'A good many.'

'But,' Kitchener went on, 'how many?'

'At least a hundred and fifty,' said Moriba as proudly as if there had been a hundred thousand men.

'But,' said Kitchener, 'you'll die of hunger up here. You have n't any supplies.'

With his big eyes staring straight at him, our Moriba fired back without hesitation: 'We have supplies for ten years.'

The English manoeuvre was completed, the boats were moored gunwale to gunwale, artillery bristled in every direction, Highlanders and Egyptians jostled one another at the bulwarks to stare at those 'certain Europeans' who had so far forgotten themselves as to arrive before the British. A small boat put off from the 'Sultan.' Two English

officers, khaki clad, helmeted, with their revolvers at their hips and swords at their sides, had taken their place in it and were rowing to the bank. Marchand received them in a little cabin that served us as a mess hall. One of the two officers acted as spokesman and introduced the other.

'Sir, I have the honor to present Commander Keppel, commanding the flotilla. I am Major Cecil [he was the son of Lord Cecil]. The Sirdar desires you to visit him on board his vessel in order that he may get in touch with the French representative.'

'Monsieur le Major,' replied Marchand, 'be so good as to say to the Sirdar that, as I owe him the first visit, I shall be with him instantly.'

The two officers withdrew and Marchand, accompanied by Germain, followed hard upon them to the Sirdar's steamer. On the long rear deck Kitchener was standing — a big dry-looking man with a red face, pale-blue eyes, vague and rather dull. He seemed nervous and agitated. Beside him stood Colonel Wingate, Chief of the Intelligence Department, a little man with developing embonpoint, polite but of a glacial stiffness. Marchand introduced himself and presented Germain. The Sirdar shook hands and complimented them on the trip we had made across Africa. He presented Wingate and the conversation began. The great man was very much embarrassed and found it hard to express himself, for though he talked very good French the subject of the conversation was not exactly easy. He finally wound up with a sufficiently unfortunate sentence in his interrogative: —

'You understand, Commandant, the significance of your presence at Fashoda?'

'I understand it, mon Général.'

'Do you occupy Fashoda by order of the French Government?'

'Yes, mon Général, it is by order of my Government that Fashoda is to-day a French post.'

'You know that this land belongs to his Highness the Khedive and that your presence here might lead to — to — war between — our two countries?'

Marchand confined himself to a deep inclination of his head.

'Well, then it is my duty to protest in the name of the Sublime Porte and His Highness the Khedive, whom I represent, against your presence in Fashoda.'

A new inclination of the head.

'As you see, Commandant, I have numerous forces behind me. It is, no doubt, your intention to maintain the occupation of Fashoda.'

'It is certain, mon Général, that I cannot pretend to compare our forces with yours, but you will admit that, having taken possession of Fashoda by order of my Government, I can withdraw only when the order is reversed. I shall therefore remain here until I receive such an order, and I may add that, if necessary, we shall die on the spot rather than —'

The Sirdar stopped Marchand.

'Oh, Commandant, there is no occasion for pushing things so far. I understand that you must execute the orders of your Government and I have no intention of opposing you. But you must understand that I too must execute the orders of His Highness the Khedive, and his orders are to display the Egyptian flag at Fashoda. I hope that the two of us can reach an understanding which will enable us to fulfill this *formality*. After this we may leave things *as they are* until our two Governments reach their decision.'

The word 'English' was not once pronounced. It was in the name of the Khedive that the Sirdar wished to place the Turkish flag at Fashoda. If that desire was courteously expressed, it was brutally supported. Marchand

felt a terrific desire to refuse. But was it to our interest to push things to the extreme? Then, had not French diplomacy always supported Turkish rights, which had never been abolished in the Nile Valley so far as Egypt and the Egyptian Sudan were concerned? It would be preferable to accept the Egyptian flag beside our own — but outside the mudirieh of Fashoda. On that point we would not yield.

'Oh, well,' said Kitchener, 'Colonel Wingate and Captain Germain can go and look. The two of them can find some little place. I'm not exacting.'

So Wingate and Germain landed, and we took the English Colonel on a tour around Fashoda. We took him all around. Several times he mopped his forehead and it was obvious that he was little inclined to walking and that if there had been no river and no boats to bring him to Fashoda he would still have been far away. He was not communicative. He did not talk much, but he was definite in what he said. Germain carried the burden of the conversation. When they reached the south-bastion, I heard Wingate say to himself: 'Very comfortable, very comfortable.' Evidently that was what pleased him most. I quite understood, but did he suppose that we should allow him to install himself on the south bastion? Why not give him our beds?

Meantime, while we were perambulating with the Chief of Staff, the Sirdar was chatting with Marchand.

'Now, Commandant, we can talk freely and intimately. Will you accept some cognac, whiskey, or champagne? I greatly admire your remarkable journey — truly, very remarkable. You know, the report has got about that you were massacred?'

'I know, mon Général, that newspaper men are always thirsty for sensational news.'

'Oh, you are being much discussed in

France and England, and throughout Europe your name is very well known, very well known.'

'In the newspapers, mon Général, always in the newspapers. In France and England, but most of all in France, the newspaper men are great chatterers, and it is their perpetual need of gossip that makes a man celebrated.'

'But really, really, Commandant, our meeting at Fashoda will make a great stir, and your journey is really very fine. You must have suffered a good deal during that long march which began —'

'About three years ago, mon Général. I admit that the journey has sometimes been painful, but none of us has really been sick in spite of the inevitable little privations.'

'But you have no comforts here — you have nothing.'

'Oh no, mon Général, I have a year's European rations in the fort and six months' native rations. I have three hundred thousand cartridges, and behind these fortifications I am not afraid of the dervishes.'

'Oh, but you have no comforts, and I trust that you and your forces will soon be on your way home via Cairo, where I hope to take you with my flotilla — when our Governments have come to an understanding.'

Marchand changed the subject abruptly.

'Did you find all the old fanaticism in the partisans of the Caliphate when you took Omdurman? For that is what is really interesting.'

'All the old fanaticism, Commandant — much more than I expected. They were like madmen — they almost let themselves be cut down on the spot. The Caliph escaped with some faithful followers. We counted ten thousand five hundred dead and fifteen thousand wounded and we made five thousand prisoners.'

Arranging the glasses and plates which were on the table the Sirdar made a plan of the battle: the attacking force of dervishes on the morning of September 2; the Mahdists coming on to the number of thirty thousand, and falling rank by rank two hundred and fifty paces from the Anglo-Egyptian lines; the English cavalry holding the extreme right, yielding under attack; the Sirdar supporting it with the gunboat and advancing his left; and the change of front which took place in the two armies, that of the Sirdar changing lines to the west, and finally the end of the battle, which was a mere butchery; the Caliphate turning the English left to get into Omdurman; the bombardment and destruction of the Mahdi's tomb by the mortar batteries on the right bank of the river; finally the flight of the Caliph, almost alone upon a donkey; the capture of the village and the surrender of the dervishes without a struggle. In one part of the story the Sirdar told how a German prisoner had been rescued at Omdurman and how happy the unfortunate man was. 'I don't like the Germans, Commandant, I'm for the French. I was in Chanzy's army in 1870.'

It was quite true. Kitchener was in the army of the Loire and after the campaign he almost tried to stay in our army. How glad he must have been that he finally chose the English service! Would he ever have risen to be Sirdar with us? . . .

At this moment Colonel Wingate and Germain came back. The first sketched a rough map of the mudirieh in his notebook and said that he had chosen the drill ground of the south bastion on which to raise the Egyptian flag.

'No, mon Général,' said Marchand simply, 'not there.' And taking the notebook from Wingate's hands he pointed out the extremity of the old wall built in 1844 by the Egyptians —

the bastion, or rather the cavalier battery, outside the village of Abu Merissa. 'Your flag will go very well here, outside my lines, and the men who guard it can find quarters in the village itself.'

After a short discussion and with no particular enthusiasm the Sirdar decided to accept Marchand's proposition. He saw that it was no use insisting. Wingate especially seemed furious at being unable to plant the flag of the Khedive on the ruins of the old mudirieh. Marchand offered to take Colonel Wingate himself to see the proposed place. Just as they were starting out the Sirdar, taking his hand for the last time, gave him this odd invitation: —

'We are going to hoist the Egyptian flag ceremonially. It will be saluted by the troops. Can't you be present, Commandant?'

Really! Why not ask Marchand to run up the flag in person? General Kitchener never stopped at anything. Colonel Wingate having seen the place where he was to be allowed to install himself, Marchand bade him farewell.

'Permit me to say, Colonel, that I am very happy to have met the famous Chief of the Intelligence Department.'

'And I, Commandant, to have met the Commandant Marchand. I thank you.'

Scarcely had Marchand returned to the fort when the cannon thundered. There was a flourish of trumpets and the bagpipes of the Highlanders sounded. The Egyptian flag was going up over there, outside the mudirieh on which it floated twenty years ago and on which to-day the tricolor was waving. At three o'clock Major Cecil informed Marchand that the Sirdar was coming to return his call. I was sent to receive the General at the south gate of the citadel. A section in full uniform rendered military honors. The trumpets sounded 'Aux champs.'

The Sirdar was accompanied by Major Cecil, by Wingate, and by two other officers. Except for the Chief of the Intelligence Department, they were all tall men who had to stoop very low in order to be able to get into our little mess hall. Kitchener caught his spurs, stumbled, and nearly fell. Marchand apologized for the modesty of our reception hall. After the introductions champagne was brought and conversation became general. Cecil described some details of the Spanish-American War and the fight at Santiago, which was a butchery.

'Oh, it was n't a fight at all, a very unfortunate affair. The Spaniards did not even have enough powder. That kind of thing is not fighting. Thanks to the intervention of France, Spain lost nothing but Cuba and the Philippines.'

Mangin and Fouque talked with the other officers. Bismarck was dead, the Bonchamps expedition had failed, as we knew already. Wingate asked Marchand to tell him about the Sobat, Bahr el Ghazal and Bahr el Djebel, and conversation came back to our own mission. Then the Sirdar, who had said very little so far, said:—

'Yes, you have done a very fine thing here. It's a very fine thing, but France cannot back you up.'

Marchand made a sharp movement. He almost rose, but Kitchener went on, his words falling cold and cutting, his glassy eyes looking out into space while all our eyes were fixed on him. 'Yes, France has something else to think about now — the Dreyfus affair.' And the implacable Kitchener went on: 'The innocence of Dreyfus has been recognized and the Minister of War has committed suicide.'

But Major Cecil interrupted him: 'No, not the Minister. It was Colonel Henry.'

'Oh yes, Colonel Henry. Well, the Ministry has fallen and now M. Brisson

is President of the Council. In Foreign Affairs it is M. Delacroix.'

'No, Delafosse,' said Wingate.

Delacroix or Delafosse, no matter which — the words that we really heard were these: 'France cannot back you up, France has something else to think about now.' And Kitchener, who knew what was passing in our minds, said as he rose to go:—

'Well, I must send you some newspapers.'

For the last time he drank to the health of the Mission of the Nile and its great journey, and then went out followed by his officers. The trumpets sounded, the guard of honor presented arms, Marchand asked the Sirdar to do the riflemen the honor of inspecting them.

'They are Senegalese, Commandant?'

'No, mon Général, Sudanese of the Upper Niger. These are the soldiers with which we conquered the Western Sudan.'

'Oh, yes, the Sudanese! I have heard of them. Good soldiers, are n't they?'

'The best soldiers in the world, mon Général. Dying is nothing to them.'

The officers seemed generally to admire these men, whose bearing and equipment astonished them. Our splendid tirailleurs, so brave in our wars and our missions, well did they merit the honor they received that evening! Just as he was going aboard his boat, the Sirdar gave an exclamation of surprise at a mass of multi-colored zinnias growing in the middle of the garden.

'Oh, flowers! Flowers at Fashoda. Ah, you Frenchmen!'

Landeroin bent down and rapidly picked a bouquet which he offered to the General. The peas, kidney beans cabbages, and all our vegetables drew cries of astonishment from these Eng-

lishmen — so fond of comfort, but so incapable of creating it if separated from the usual resources of civilization. Comfort! It was the only word in their mouths. Our comfort was having been the first to plant the French flag on the Nile. That was enough for us, and more too, but since these English were so fond of vegetables we gave them some, and added a well-filled basket to the Sirdar's bouquet. Marchand accompanied Kitchener to the gangplank of the steamer.

'I'm going down as far as the juncture of the Sobat and the Nile, and then I shall go straight on to Khartum. I have n't yet been able to send word to England. You understand, I have a good deal to say to England.'

Then he made a sign to Colonel Wingate, who pulled from the pocket of his military tunic a sealed letter: —

'Here is the official protest about which I spoke to you during our conversation this morning.'

All very well, but why did he hand us the protest so late in the day, instead of giving it to us when he arrived in our camp, thereby granting us an opportunity to acknowledge it? A queer business.

'Au revoir, Commandant.'

'Au revoir, mon Général.'

And Kitchener's vessel, which had had steam up for a quarter of an hour, moved off down the channel to enter the river. It was just five o'clock. Two other steamers followed it at once, taking the same route. Half an hour later that of the Highlanders started in the same direction. Nothing was left at Fashoda but the fifth steamer and a battalion of the Eleventh Sudanese composed mainly of Chilluks. The flotilla had landed four howitzers. The Egyptian flag was going to be well guarded.

Once back in his quarters, Marchand opened the sealed envelope that Win-

gate had handed him, and as he read the official protest he understood instantly why the Sirdar did not want to give him time to reply. He held out the letter and I read: —

FASHODA, *September 19, 1898*

MONSIEUR LE COMMANDANT: —

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter dated Fashoda, 19 inst., in which you inform me that by order of the French Government you have occupied the Bahr el Ghazal as far as Mechra er Rek and to the confluence of the Bahr el Djebel, as well as the Chilluk country on the left bank of the Nile as far as Fashoda, which you entered on the tenth of last July. In confirmation of the procès-verbal which I addressed to you when I had the honor of receiving you to-day, it is my duty on behalf of the Egyptian and the English Governments to enter formal objection to all occupation by France of the country of the valley of the Nile, which is a violation of the rights of the said Governments. I have the honor to advise you by the order of my Government that I cannot recognize any occupation by France, no matter in what part of the Nile Valley.

Moreover, I must advise you that, having raised the Egyptian flag at Fashoda, the government of the country has been formally taken over by Egypt and I have named Kaimakam Jackson Bey, Commandant at Fashoda beginning this date.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my high consideration.

(Signed) HERBERT KITCHENER,

SIRDAR

The terms of the protest surprised us. In stating that the government had been formally taken over by Egypt, Kitchener was violating his promise of the morning: 'I'm going to

put my flag beside yours and then we shall leave things as they are until our Governments reach a decision.' To leave things as they were was to leave France in the exercise of her protectorate over the Chilluks, complying with the treaty that had been signed with the Sultan and the Chilluk states, a treaty which the Sirdar knew about.

Well, this was a beginning. We had not finished yet. When the Sirdar should pass Fashoda again, we would send him a protest in our own terms, though that was a rather platonic kind of satisfaction. For our consolation we had the newspapers which Kitchener had left. No doubt he had chosen them himself.

Marchand could not hand his letter to the Sirdar in person, but he could entrust it to one of his officers. One of the gunboats, following those which Kitchener had taken, came into the little arm of the Nile and stopped opposite the redoubt. An English officer descended, came toward us, and handed Marchand a new letter from his general. In exchange, he received our counter-protest, observing, as he did so, that it could not be sent on to the Sirdar until three days later. In two hours the young officer was back, appearing highly embarrassed.

'Monsieur le Commandant, I am very sorry, but it is impossible to send your letter to the Sirdar. There is no boat going to Khartum. I beg you to take back your letter.'

'Monsieur,' replied Marchand, 'a steamboat left for Khartum an hour ago, after stopping here. I understand that you have not forwarded my letter on it. No matter, it will arrive late. You can send it at the next opportunity.'

The confusion of the young Englishman redoubled. He was very red. No

doubt he had been harshly reprimanded for having received this letter at all and had been ordered to return it at any cost. Marchand was amused to see his growing anxiety, which now bordered on despair. Suddenly, losing control of himself, the unfortunate fellow slipped his letter into the fingers of the French commander and dashed away without saluting one of us. We burst into laughter. It was really too funny.

The English letter ran:—

FASHODA, September 21, 1898

MONSIEUR LE COMMANDANT:—

I have the honor to inform you that stations of this Government have been established on the Sobat with the necessary garrisons and our gunboats will come up without delay to establish other posts. During our conversation of yesterday I informed you that by order of His Highness the Khedive the whole country has been placed under martial law. In consequence I have made the following regulation: all transport of munitions of war on the Nile is absolutely forbidden and I have given orders to the commanders of the gunboats to take necessary measures for the execution of this regulation.

I request you therefore, Monsieur le Commandant, to take note of this and give requisite orders to your officers on this subject.

Accept, Monsieur le Commandant, the expression of my distinguished consideration.

(Signed) HERBERT KITCHENER,
SIRDAR

Observe that phrase: 'During our conversation of yesterday I informed you.' The Sirdar knew very well that he had said nothing of the sort in that conversation, but he also knew, from Marchand's letter of September 19,

that we had only one steamboat, the 'Faidherbe,' and that that steamer had been sent to Mechra er Rek to get reinforcements and munitions in case of a second attack by dervishes. And to-day he warned us that all transportation of munitions was prohibited on the Nile, that he had given orders to the commanders of his gunboats. To keep us from exercising our protectorate he had left a battalion, five guns, and an armored gunboat with ten rapid-firing guns to stop the 'Faidherbe.' He had left at Sobat another battalion, artillery, and another gunboat — a no less formidable array. We could not complain that the English did not take our forces seriously. For form's sake Marchand protested once again. I took his letter an hour later to Kaimakam Jackson Bey.

Jackson Bey received me in his tent. He showed me how the rain of the night before had soaked it through and through. An ugly dog with muddy feet was stretched out on his bed. The major apologized, but he was such a remarkable hunting dog! Amiable, even affable and conciliatory, the Kaimakam spoke very little French. He reassured me immediately as to the fate of the 'Faidherbe.' The Sirdar had given strict orders that no difficulty should be raised and that the steamer should be allowed to pass on its first voyage with its full cargo no matter what it was. As to the letter addressed to Kitchener, he refused to accept it. He had the air of being extremely disturbed and repeated in a lamentable tone: 'I cannot, I cannot.'

'Well, then,' said I, 'give me a formal written statement that you refuse.'

'But I don't know how to write French.'

'No matter, write English.'

And he willingly wrote it out.

Once this affair was over, Jackson inquired about the climate and fever, which seemed to worry him a good deal, and especially about the length of the winter, which he wanted to see ended. I took a wicked pleasure in giving him something to worry about. Fever! There was no place in the world except Mechra where there was so much fever as at Fashoda. It was the fever capital. Moreover, from 1870 to 1884 even the Egyptians had used Fashoda as a kind of penal colony. Here was where they sent their criminals. Fashoda was a convict colony — that is, a colony of people whom it was desirable to get rid of. If we Frenchmen were not sick it was only because we were all old hands in the Sudan and therefore immune. Knowing what we were getting into, Marchand had chosen us among a thousand. Moreover, the worst season had n't yet come. We should have to wait until the end of the winter, two months later. Then the sun would begin to dry up the soaking soil, and all the miasmas now kept down by the water would begin to spread, terrible and deadly.

If I exaggerated a little bit, I did not say anything that was not pretty nearly true.

When I went back to report, I returned the refused letter to Marchand together with the certificate of refusal. Thereafter we had nothing to do but wait for word from our Government. How would it act? In what direction would it move?

FRANCIS OF CARDONA: A CHEERFUL ASCETIC

BY JAMES J. DALY

From the *Month, July*
(ANGLO-CATHOLIC REVIEW)

It will be remembered that when Alexander the Great asked Diogenes what he could do for him the philosopher requested that the king might be pleased to step aside out of his light. This story has always made me feel kindly toward Alexander. Renunciation ceases to be admirable when it plants itself on the heights of self-conscious superiority. Just so, I cannot enter into Emerson's enthusiasm over the famous reply of his friend Thoreau, who, when asked what was his favorite dish, answered, 'The nearest.' He scorned the rest of us poor dogs. Crates, and all cynical philosophers of ancient and modern times, run as true to paganism as any Epicurean. There is an orgy of pride as well as of the senses; the former is probably the more deadly of the two. '*Aude, hospes, contemnere opes,*' Evander exhorted Æneas; and the reward promised for greatly daring to despise wealth was association with the gods, in Olympian aloofness from mere human herds.

It is not hard or heroic to flout Fortune if thereby we nourish our self-esteem. As long as we think we are fine porcelain in a world of clay, what matters it whether we live in a tub or a kennel or a shanty by Walden pond or a marble palace. Marcus Aurelius and his successors kept assiduous diaries, and drew isothermic maps of their mental state every day, and compiled weather reports out of them for the guidance of the less wise. Each thought

his observatory the holiest temple in the universe and cut a gallant figure before admirers by flinging a scornful glove in the face of Fortune. They were rough to her when they thought anyone was looking. We now suspect that they courted her in secret.

When pride completes the circle of humility the two extremes meet on a common ground of asceticism. This juxtaposition in one and the same setting has deceived many. It is a strange fact that sanctity and sin should at times in their supreme human forms issue in contempt for the lower pleasures. Experts have the hardest work sometimes to determine which is which. One cannot always judge infallibly even in his own case. It is sometimes beyond all but the highest capacity to disentangle the threads of a proud self-respect from the purely Christian texture in the complex web of motives which make up one's spiritual life. A clever person might be expected to be able to detect the considerable difference between God and himself. But it is precisely the clever persons who are always getting themselves confused about two objects which clearly ought to be far more distinguishable apart than a hawk from a handsaw.

I do not pretend to the power of laying down rules in the matter. If I were to hazard an opinion it would be that the true asceticism of noble spirits is never armored either with prickly eccentricities or starched coats of re-

spectability or forbidding displays of individualism and temperament. It rather believes in and practises disarmament, and exposes itself, after a manner resembling a merry invitation, to every approach, whether friendly or hostile. It calls for the exercise of coldest nerve, most deliberate courage, unquailing endurance, and judgment balanced to the nicety of a hair. None of the brave valors of war, adventure, or love, makes so many demands upon ingenuity and swift decision. Listen to the story of Francis de Cardona and judge whether I speak the truth.

Francis was the son of a Spanish duke. I have taken the incidents in his life, which I am about to relate, from Louis de Ponte's classic biography of Balthasar Alvarez. The son of the Duke of Cardona was Rector of the University of Salamanca when he took it into his head to spurn the rich pledges of fortune by entering a Jesuit novitiate. One of his first charges was the care of the community refectory. Do not entertain the picture of a *maitre d'hôtel* in evening clothes, by a glance maintaining order in the scurrying lines of communication between the kitchen and the trenchermen. It was the business of Francis to scrub floors and to wash dishes with as little damage as possible. His distinguished friend, Dr. Oiedo, found him so employed and was shocked and scandalized. The ex-Rector of the University was genuinely bewildered at the good doctor's strange point of view. He declared that he was having the time of his life and would not exchange his job for that of the Pope himself, and sent his visitor away thinking so furiously that he too plunged into the same adventure and followed Francis into the novitiate.

It was not long before Cardona made the interesting discovery that life, no matter how we arrange it, is sure to have its puzzles and perplexities. 'The

thread of life, like other threads or skeins of silk, is full of snarls and incumbrances.' Francis had made a bonfire of his riches and honors, and had set out without impediments upon a spiritual quest. He thought he had succeeded in simplifying life, and was astonished to find he had only made its complexities more subtle and insidious. When Fortune ceases to be pursued she becomes the pursuer; she refuses to be ignored. Francis had failed to understand that menial services in the scullery assume the character of brilliant performances when a Spanish grandee and ex-Rector of a University undertakes them. He found himself moving in an aura of admiration. Superiors and brethren were highly edified by his humility. Horrors! Canonization is necessarily a post-mortem affair; else it is a menace and an infernal nuisance.

Francis found himself in a painful dilemma. He sat down to ponder on the curious fact that there is a limit beyond which one may not go in flouting Fortune, without falling into the opposite extreme of the most ingratiating courtship of her; as Cicero's philosophers became famous by writing books in contempt of fame.

A less resourceful character than Francis would have crawled back into his shell and followed a policy of caution which would have robbed the world of much exquisite delight. He yearned for the mad excitement of trailing Fortune's banners in the mire: at the same time, he must above all things elude the applause of sharp-eyed and discerning associates. This was the task which Francis de Cardona set himself: his life henceforth resolved itself largely into a series of brave and amusingly clever attempts to accomplish it. 'What I shall say may be unhesitatingly believed,' writes de Ponte in introducing his account of Francis, citing as his authority Francis's con-

temporary and friend, Father Oiedo, 'whose virtues are a guaranty of his sincerity.' Three centuries have done nothing to blur the picture which still preserves the freshness of life, a delicious mixture of quizzical humor, high spirits, stern and unfaltering purpose, and spiritual exaltation sweetly and humanly attractive.

In every large establishment there are two places where the exercise of patience, unsupported by any approving recognition, is in special demand; the kitchen and the stable. Francis was not long in a Jesuit house before he fixed his attention upon these two precincts as very promising fields for the plying of his little private business. He prepared the way by confidential disclosures of certain weaknesses of his to everyone in the house: 'You know, I have always had an intense interest in the cuisine and the stud. I take the liberty of considering myself an accomplished amateur in both departments. You should see some of my dishes! It is a crying shame that idle gourmets should enjoy all the good things for themselves. Are the servants of God never to be refreshed according to their due when they are worn out by study and prayer and the labors of the ministry? Ah, if I could only tinker and potter about at large in the kitchen and watch my favorite pudding swell into a brown miracle! Trust me to do pigeon to a turn. And as for horses, carissime, I dote on horses. How they must miss me! Carissime, if I were not a Jesuit, I think I should be either a cook or a gitano.'

In such guileful wise did Francis proceed. Now Jesuits, who figure in the world's legends as crafty beings, can furnish, as Francis observed, an astonishing amount of simplicity to practise upon. While there is evidence of vague doubts and films of incredulity, owing perhaps to the jealousy of the

regular cook and the established stablehands, and perhaps also to some rather glaring failures of Francis in his chosen employments, still the rank and file of the community could not come to a conclusion. After all, noblemen, we know, cultivate surprising eccentricities. This is an amiable weakness of Francis, our brother, a survival of his masterful past. Let him indulge it if he enjoys it.

'The care of animals,' says de Ponte, 'was a task he sought after, and in which he said he was very skillful. The Superior did not believe it, of course; but he willingly gave him this commission to please him. This gave rise to a very edifying incident.' Before we proceed to narrate this incident let us pause to salute that Superior. Francis thought he was having all the fun. But Father Superior was not so simple as he looked when he gave this Spanish grandee head in his mad career through the china-shops of convention, not altogether hopeless of getting some amusement, and inconvenience perhaps, out of the thing himself. Father Superior was a shrewder man than his Father Minister, as we shall see.

One day a Father from a remote province arrived at the Jesuit house in Salamanca, mounted on a sorry nag in the last stages of emaciation and exhaustion. The poor beast was covered with sores and could scarcely maintain an upright position. A little group had formed around the animal in the courtyard, trying to interpret, as charitably as might be, the visitor's choice of a mount. Francis happened along at the time and with the swift intuition of a genius recognized a golden opportunity. 'Father Minister,' he said, 'I think I can save that horse, which seems to be in a bad way.' It would look as if Father Minister, who is the one that manages details of the house, had reason to suspect the expert qualifications

of Francis. But, according to the account of Father de Ponte, Francis urged his point with so much eloquence that, after hemming and hawing and many a dubious regard, Father Minister finally yielded a reluctant consent. It is hard to see why the good Father hesitated over the simple request unless he had some mysterious premonition of what was to follow.

Now began a very saturnalia, so to speak, of humiliation. The situation, as it unfolded, developed rich possibilities. It turned out to be even a more excellent opportunity than Francis anticipated, and I think we shall all agree that he rose to it perfectly. He first dressed all the equine sores and then applied bandages of brilliant and varied colors. It was observed — for Father Minister was reconnoitring uneasily on the outskirts — it was observed that after everything was ready for the trip to the pasture at the other end of Salamanca, Francis wasted some time in an absorbing study of the position of the sun in the heavens. 'What nonsense,' growled Father Minister under his breath, 'as if the conjunction of planets could cure a horse!'

At last the right astrological moment seemed to arrive, and Francis started off down the main avenue of the city. It took him by the principal entrance of the University, then in the heyday of its prosperity, not dreaming of its sad spoliation in the Napoleonic wars. Francis had studied the position of the sun to a nicety. He reached the gates of the University just as the students were swarming out by hundreds. Delectable sight! Ex-Rector and Spanish nobleman, with a cast-off cap on his head and a stableman's cloak slung about him, leading by a halter down the most crowded thoroughfare of Salamanca the gorgeously bandaged and limping remains of an ancient steed in the last stages of dissolution! A mob

of jeering and appreciative urchins furnished the complement of the quaint parade.

History stops to note that there was 'something of an air of triumph in his countenance.' Of course! How sudden and splendid opportunity can be! That morning, when the clamorous bell had tumbled him out of his narrow cot in the dormitory, the opening eye of day was dull and sleepy, without the remotest hint of what was coming. And now here he was wallowing, so to speak, in the heartiest repudiation of the nice respectabilities and punctilios of Fortune. He had her bound hand and foot, and was dragging her at his chariot wheels, or rather at the heels of his borrowed and wobbling Rosinante down all the gutters of Salamanca. 'Something of an air of triumph on his countenance,' quotha!

We are told that after the first flurry of sensation had swept over the gaping crowds 'some praised, some blamed, and many just laughed at it.' Among those who blamed were certain sensitive young Jesuits who were among the throngs pouring out of the lecture-rooms in time to behold the spectacle which their brother Francis had staged. They were chagrined beyond measure that the Jesuits should thus be exposed to the mockery of the city by the ill-regulated piety of a silly novice. They could scarcely get home in time to report the matter to the Superior. They burst in on him precipitately and stated their grievance. He entered into their point of view, sympathized with them in this common disgrace, and dismissed them with the assurance that the thing would be looked into. After they had gone the Superior, we may suppose, enjoyed a quiet little chuckle.

That evening he called Francis upon the carpet. Could not Francis humiliate himself without humiliating the

whole house? It was an act of charity and lowliness to befriend the crippled beast, but why had he not made a detour through a side-street to the suburb where the paddock lay? Must he choose the most frequented street and busiest hour for the performance of a menial service, to the great pain and confusion of his brethren? Francis expressed concern and repentance for causing his brothers pain and laid the blame on his incorrigible indolence, which was always choosing the shortest and easiest road. When the door had closed on this interview, we may again suppose that Father Superior enjoyed his second chuckle that day. All the same, he summoned Father Minister and warned that poor distracted man to be wary with his permissions to carissimus Francis.

The query naturally suggests itself whether Francis may not have been an unbalanced and eager pietist to whom any extravagance was likely to recommend itself as a logical expression of spiritual convictions. That he was the son of a Duke is a circumstance which throws no light on the matter. It is harder to reconcile such a supposition with the fact that as a young man he had been chosen to fill the office of Rector in Spain's principal university. Francis would have welcomed with ravishment any general impression that he was below mediocrity in strong-mindedness and intelligence. It grieved him that the large outstanding fact of his former Rectorship would effectually prevent the wide currency of such a belief. Here was another nut to be cracked. How our past haunts us! We cannot outlive even our honors. We have to confess that, in devising a plan to destroy his domestic reputation for scholarship and sound sense, Francis did not play up quite to his usual standard of ingenuity. Still, it has to be admitted, he raked in larger results

than one might expect from a somewhat clumsy experiment.

One day he was delivering, as is the custom, a sermon in the refectory while the community was eating dinner. It is an excellent exercise, in homiletics for the novice-preacher, in other things for the community. It was the panegyric of a saint, and in discussing a controverted point in the saint's biography Francis made the following remarkable statement: 'I have consulted two editions of the *Flos Sanctorum* and I find they do not agree; but, if I must give my opinion, I adopt that given in the Augsburg edition, because the type is clearer and easier to read.' A shout of laughter went up from the tables, to the annoyance of Father Minister, while Francis waited in a composure of mournful gravity for the hilarity to simmer down. He knew he had been clumsy. But, unskillfully as he had cast his net, it was not wholly empty when he drew it home. Listen to the words of de Ponte, in which humor and piety struggle for ascendancy.

'One of them,' he says, 'actually believed that Francis was serious, through the permission of Divine Providence, in order to carry out the humble intention of His servant.' The biographer felt that Providence had to be introduced, like a *Deus ex machina*, before his readers would believe that one member of the community could be deceived by such a transparent artifice. De Ponte tells us more about this slow-witted person. 'Persuaded that the holy man was a simpleton, he not only laughed at this incident, but continued to make game of him on all occasions, and even in his presence.' Francis was overjoyed. He fastened himself to this novice, sought his company, performed friendly offices for him, showered him with attentions, chose him for partner in their daily walks. And all the time the goose of a novice was treating

Francis as an idiot, ordering him about and ridiculing him to such an extent that he became known as the 'persecutor' of Francis.

That Francis was not drawing him on for the foolery of the thing is clear from the upshot. One of the minor officials of the house — not Father Superior, we may be sure — called Francis to explain his constant attendance on this misguided novice. Particular friendships and coteries can break up the best-regulated families and states, and are to be guarded against in religious communities. Francis tried evasions; but his inquisitor was ruthless. He was driven into a corner and pinned down. 'Your reverence and my brethren,' explained Francis at last in much disgust, 'treat me honorably, as if I were somebody, which is no advantage to me. This man alone knows me, and does me justice by laughing at me and turning to ridicule whatever I do and say. Since this good Brother labors thus for my interest, is it not natural that I should prefer his company to that of others?'

When Aquinas was asked how to become a saint he is reported to have said: 'Will it.' Now, while we do not like to differ from a saint on the subject of sanctity, we respectfully urge the experience of Francis de Cardona in support of the theory that it is not merely a question of good will. Unless, of course, sanctity presupposes intelligence of such a high order that native resourcefulness reduces every difficulty to a bagatelle. If the worst befalls, and the saint is caught, as we say, red-handed, he knows how to brazen it out. Sanctity, like murder, will out. The vices and virtues probably run equal chances of discovery. In either case disclosure is embarrassing. The direful contingency does not act as a check on the hardened criminal. The same seems to be true of the hard-

ened saint. Francis did much plunging and wriggling and dodging before allowing himself to be caught; but, when the game was up, he laughed and started a new one.

We do not hear much of Francis during his years of study, teaching, and active work in the ministry, except that he was everywhere popular. It is related that he made a compact with one of his associates to meet at certain stated times when each would inform the other of faults he had noted in him. Francis, we may be sure, picked out a stern-eyed argus. After they had come together several times, and Francis had been liberally supplied with criticisms without contributing a single return in kind, the other man objected to the one-sided business. Francis could only reply that he was kept so busy with his own large and unruly family of faults that he really had no time to watch other people's. A magnanimous man, indeed!

At the end of a Jesuit's course of formation there is a third year of probation, called tertianship, resembling the first two years of novitiate, and occupied exclusively with the spiritual life. What with the breathless succession of lectures and 'circles' during his studies, and the dignity which a teacher and preacher must preserve in the colleges and churches, Francis often looked forward to this year as to a paradise wherein he might riot with the respectabilities as in the good old days at Salamanca. The famous Father Alvarez was tertian-master, himself a gay trifler with the solemn usages of what Carlyle used to style gig-philosophy, a man after Francis's own heart. We come now to the last episode in the life of Francis, son of the Duke of Cardona and former Rector of the University of Salamanca. Everyone will agree that in his exit he acted up to his usual form.

A neighboring market-town, the site of country fairs, afforded a fine field to the 'tertians' for getting rid of their self-respect. On fair-days the drovers and cattle-dealers could enjoy or curse, as the humors and the turn of the market dictated, the presence, among the swarming beggars, of young Jesuits, the finished products of the schools, going about hat in hand soliciting alms. This was a splendid opening for Francis, who had nothing to do but find new ways of snubbing the world, the flesh, and the Devil. He heard that the lay brother in charge of the farmyard contemplated buying some hogs at the fair. Forthwith he recalled that he was a connoisseur of hogs, and accordingly presented himself in that rôle before Father Alvarez, expressing great concern lest the simple Brother, left to his own devices, should be swindled in the transaction. He humbly sought permission to accompany the Brother as an expert. Father Alvarez assented with mock gravity and doubtless with wondering surmises regarding the event.

That was a gala day for Francis; as was fitting, since it was his last adventure. The fair-day crowds had the thrilling and unlooked-for pleasure of seeing a Spanish grandee serving as a swineherd with tremendous earnestness. On the way home one of the little pigs went lame; and, in the words of our chronicler, 'Father Francis took it up by the feet and put it on his shoulders

in the position given to the sheep carried by the Good Shepherd.' Grandeeism groaned that day in Spain, as this curious cortège moved across the landscape in a cloud of dust.

When they reached home late in the evening, the Brother suddenly became aware that, with culpable improvidence, he had forgotten to prepare lodging for these new additions to his live stock. There was nothing for Francis to do but to start in, late as was the hour and wearied by the unusual exertions of the day, to help the Brother build a pigpen. Francis rode nature a little too hard on that red-letter day. Fever seized him in grim earnest, and carried him off in eleven days. When the last moment came and he was kicking the old earth from under, with its dukedoms and lord-rectorships and mincing respectabilities, it is probable, though history conveys no tidings here, that he heaved a sigh of relief over the near prospect of a place where the spirit could pursue happiness in simplified conditions, undistracted by the powerful and sinister cross-currents of time.

Thus went out forever an intense little flame among those bright and daring spirits who, each in his own generation, shine like sparks in the reeds. I have said nothing of the ultimate motive behind all this prodigality of valor. That is a story by itself. Everyone can see that, whatever the motive, it must have been stronger than life or death.

THE FORMALITY OF FRANCE

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

From the *Observer*, June 22, 29
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Most people have an easily contracted habit of generalizing about men and institutions. It is a habit which I have as much as any man, and I must learn to control it, but not before I have finished these articles. I shall say, therefore, that a difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman is that the latter loves to get into a uniform, but the former loves to get out of one.

The Englishman has a gift for pageantry, but he has a strong dislike of making an exhibition of himself. His capacity for organized ceremony becomes apparent on State occasions. Even when he shares a formula with other nations, the details of the ritual in which it is expressed are better done by him than by other people.

I went to the High Mass in Brussels Cathedral on Easter Sunday, because I had been told that it was a magnificent service. I have seen a Low Mass celebrated in a suburban church in London with far greater solemnity and religious style. The singing was poor, the priests and acolytes were destitute of dignity, and the congregation was a rabble. When I want to see a High Mass fittingly celebrated I will go to Westminster Cathedral, where the English sense of ceremonial is nobly displayed. Both in the Madeleine in Paris and the Cathedral in Brussels the love of uniforms was plainly manifested. You enter the Madeleine to say your prayers, and your eyes alight on a magnificent man clothed in an astounding uni-

form, and wearing a cocked hat which he keeps on his head even when he passes before the Host. This, you say to yourself, must be the President letting the proletariat see that the Government disassociates itself from Clericalism. But he is the beadle.

In Brussels the priests and acolytes were conducted to the altar by two beadles, elaborately arrayed, who wore swords at their sides and had halberds in their hands. One's attention was diverted from the important matter to the factotums, and I was not astonished to find, when the evening service in the Madeleine was ended, that the tall janitor became impatient with the loiterers on their knees, and banged his tipstaff heavily on the floor as a signal to them to get out. He clearly was the most important person there.

The French, because they are formal, have more religious style than the Belgians, but considerably less than the English. There is too much thrusting of money-boxes under one's nose in Brussels, and I was terribly disturbed by hearing the jingling of coins almost at the moment of Elevation. In France there is still style in the Faith. The money-boxes are there, too, and must of necessity be there, for the churches have no endowments, but the collecting is more decently done, although I could wish that the collectors would not give sibilant thanks to each person who contributes. When a man surrenders himself to the Mysteries, he dislikes to hear

a persistent hissing, *Merci bien*, making a monotonous chorus to his prayers.

One must be on his guard against the habit of assuming that a thing is wrong because it is unusual or different from what he is accustomed to, and I acknowledge freely that I find the French on easier and, I think, happier terms with their faith than the English are with theirs. Behavior which would seem irreverent in St. Paul's or in Westminster Cathedral is perfectly respectful in Notre Dame or the Madeleine, because the Frenchman, oddly enough, is more individual in his religious expression than the Englishman. We are very individual about the foundations of faith, but very conventional and corporate about the ritual of it. In a Devonshire village well known to me there are four different sects flourishing among a population of just over a thousand people, ranging from the Established Church to the Plymouth Brethren. There's individuality for you, and refusal to submit to priestly domination! But inside that great and indubitable individualism there is an equally indubitable convention that the services, however dissimilar they may be from each other, shall resemble in this, that they shall be done with seemliness and in a corporate manner. The love of religious ritualism is increasing in this island. The Nonconformists are steadily becoming more ceremonial, and even in Scotland, where fierce and almost bloody battles once raged over the instrumental music in church services, there is now a custom of ceremony in the service which would make some of my forbears, if they could observe it, cry out that Popery is upon us.

The Frenchman cares less for this ritualism and organized devotion than we do. He makes his private profession of thanks to the Almighty in complete disregard of any general service that may be proceeding when he enters the

church. He has no sense of horror at being 'late for church.' No one ever hears in a French home the dreadful exclamation, 'There, the bell's stopped!' No Frenchman ever turned away from the church door or crept into an obscure seat because the equivalent of 'I will arise and go to my Father' had begun before he could reach his accustomed place. For him, the service begins precisely at the moment when he enters the church and ends precisely at the moment when he leaves it. His business is with God, not with the community. He offers us the most astounding of all paradoxes, the Catholic who is profoundly a Protestant. It is somewhat disconcerting to those who have been brought up in the English tradition of churchgoing to observe French men and women drifting in and out of church during a service, but the imagination, when it is used, quickly informs us that there is devotion in these apparent drifters, and that their business with God is not carelessly conducted. One is told that France is atheistic and faithless, but I doubt if there are many complaints there, such as we hear in England, of empty churches.

Outside the faith, then, the French are formal and deeply in love with uniforms and conventions, and yet, unlike the English, not expert in organizing their ceremonies. Once, when I was billeted in a French house, my host had to pay a visit on a matter of business to an official in the Mairie. Had he been an Englishman, he would have gone to the official as he was, in his working clothes, but M. Lenéru was a Frenchman, and so, although the business was trifling and quickly executed, he solemnly arrayed himself in his best clothes and, gripping his umbrella firmly in his hand, paid his visit to the Mairie.

Does anyone in England 'dress up' when he goes to pay the rates? Do we bow or raise the hat to an income-tax

collector? Do we abase ourselves before policemen and acknowledge our inferiority to second-division clerks in the Civil Service? We do not. We never will. How resolutely the Englishman refuses to wear any garments which will identify him with a class-distinction or a trade. It is only in American films, which are not distinguished by fidelity to fact, that English agricultural laborers still wear smocks. Once only in my life have I seen a man in a smock, an old shepherd in Gloucestershire, who was so aged that he probably imagined that William the Fourth was still on the throne. When a workman wears 'jeans' or an overall, he does so, not as a trademark, but as a protection from the defilement of his trade. He will not let himself be catalogued. The Class War will not break out in England, because no one here, least of all a workman, will admit that he is in a class.

The Englishman, in short, is obstinately individual in habits and thought. Like the Major in Mr. Milne's play, he is 'an Englishman — take it or leave it!' and he is amazed if you leave it. I astonished an American ambassador once in the Athenæum Club by telling him that if his country had been mainly inhabited by Scotsmen, instead of Englishmen, at the time of the Revolution, it would still be part of the British Empire. Canada remains within the Commonwealth because it was pioneered by comfort-hating clannish Scots. Had it been pioneered by Englishmen, by Washingtons and Penns, it would now be part of the United States, for Englishmen are so individual that the tyranny they are least willing to bear is the tyranny of their own kind. Have we not read in our histories that the English who settled in Ireland were more trouble to those who remained in England than the 'mere Irish'? Was it not an Englishman, the late Goldwin Smith, who actually advocated the se-

cession of Canada from the Commonwealth to the United States?

But the Frenchman's pride is to officialize himself. He loves ribbons in his buttonhole and to hear his medals jingling on his breast. He makes a routine through sheer love of it. Whenever he can, he goes on deputations. If he is employed to sweep the street — and he sweeps it splendidly — he does so as if he wore the tricolor round his middle and had a chain of office hanging about his neck. I like this spirit. I should like to see an employee of the Westminster City Council swelling with pride because of his official position, even if that position were only the scavenger's. But I have little hope of seeing such a sight, and I remember with pain the jeers that were thrown by a London crowd at a youth, possessed of an itch to nationalize things, when he referred to the L. C. C. trams as 'our trams.' Here are contradictions which defeat the generalizer: the Catholic asserting his right to private communications with the Almighty, the Protestant insisting on fine ceremonial and yet rejecting the idea of individual uniform.

The formality of France has made Paris a very compact city. Its beauties are not concealed nor are they huddled inconspicuously into corners nor placed at difficult distance from each other. The Louvre and the Place de l'Opéra and Notre Dame and the Tuileries and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and the Luxembourg and the Rodin Musée and the Arc de Triomphe are all within reasonable reach of each other. If, when I have listened to High Mass at Notre Dame, or tried and failed to discern the pictures in the Madeleine because the interior is so dark, I have resolved to visit the Rodin Musée and speculate on the strange blindness which afflicted that great sculptor when he made his portrait bust of Mr. Bernard Shaw, I can do so without greatly putting my-

self out and at a trifling cost if I choose to take taxicabs. But if I, sitting in Kew Gardens when the rhododendrons are in bloom, suddenly resolve to go and see the Hogarths in the Sir John Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields or should decide that at last I will go to the Tower of London — in which I have never yet set foot — I must traverse miles and miles to do it and incur appalling charges for taxicabs.

The danger of a formalized community, as I see it, is a hardening of the arteries. Frenchmen notoriously travel less than other people. I realize that the educative advantages of foreign travel are greatly overestimated, and that a man with a suburban mind will get a suburban view of the world, even if he continues to wander round it for the best part of his life. But it can hardly be denied that a nation which habitually keeps itself to itself is in serious danger of becoming one-eyed and lop-minded.

Fewer foreign plays are performed in Paris than in any capital city in Europe. I doubt whether English books are read in France to the extent to which French books are read in England. I should say that for every Frenchman who reads Shakespeare there are ten Englishmen who read Balzac. M. Anatole France, who acknowledged recently that he had never read a book by Mr. Hardy, is completely translated into English, but how many English authors of his, or greater, eminence, are completely translated into French? When a Frenchman sets out to collect pictures it is fairly certain that his collection will be exclusively national. I heard the other day of a distinguished Frenchwoman who declined to visit an exhibition of pictures because they were not by French artists. She is not eccentric in France. When I reflect on that singular behavior I remember with pride that

Mr. Staats Forbes collected seventy Corots, and that Queen Victoria almost bought one!

Paris remains the only city in Europe which is impervious to the whole modern movement in theatrical production, and plays are put on the stage there in a way which would be considered disgraceful in a penny gaff in England. At the Vieux-Colombier, where one expects to find traces of modernity, the productions are about on the level of a suburban Hippodrome. It is hardly necessary for me to say in this paper that I do not attach an excessive amount of importance to scenery, but there is a difference between being excessive about it and being stingy about it, and I suspect that much of the French indifference to the decent mounting of a play is due to sheer reluctance to spend money.

The danger of a formalized community, a community which keeps itself to itself, is more apparent in the theatre than elsewhere in France. How extraordinarily boring the average French play is! Or, rather, how extraordinarily boring the *only* French play is! The bracing wind which blew out of Norway more than a generation ago failed to blow the cobwebs off the French stage, and to-day the French dramatists are still driveling about adultery as if there were no other theme for a play. When a young author lately tried to enlarge the range of the French drama by a play about the war, the shocked audience nearly raised a riot: it wanted a repetition of the dear old piece it has loved so long. When the art of a nation becomes stereotyped, the nation is in danger of death. When a nation insists on keeping itself to itself, there comes a time when it has nothing to keep. When the arts go, sooner or later all goes.

And when I think of France, I think of it as a nation which has allowed the

peasant's stocking to grow too long. The terrible, fierce, unending industry of the peasant has been of incalculable service to France, but it has brought the peasant himself to a state slightly removed from the animal. An ugly greed, ugly because it is devoted to nothing better than mere acquisitiveness, governs the mind of the peasant. His preoccupation with himself and his family and his food is the source from which France draws her preoccupation with France. The indifference of the distinguished Frenchwoman to any but French pictures is merely the peasant's distrust of anything strange and unknown and outside the commune.

There is a greed that is nearly a virtue, although it is hard for any greed to be virtuous — the greed which makes a man or a woman sacrifice himself and his friends for a cause. I know a woman who would starve herself and anybody else with whom she had dealings so that an institution which is her life should flourish. I have known men to deny themselves and their children the elementary necessities of life so that a work for the community might be completed. This is a sort of miserliness, a noble penury which, though I hope I shall never have it, I can understand and even admire. But the greed of the French peasant is not that sort of greed. His immense industry, which takes him into the fields before dawn and keeps him there until after dark, has no other purpose than the accumulation and hoarding of francs in stockings. I am astounded when I watch French farmers at work to observe how much of their work is done by hand, how little labor outside their families they employ; and I wonder to myself whether there is as much virtue in this laboring as there seems to be, whether there is not in this patriarchal system little more than an incorrigible hatred of spending money and a rigid determina-

tion that whatever money is spent shall not pass far beyond the family bounds.

One cannot help observing, the nearer one comes to the peasant tradition in France, that the stranger is not honestly served. It is hopeless to assume in Normandy that a foreigner will get fair dealing, that he will be asked an honest price for goods, or that the money he is given in change will be good money. Frenchmen, when I have spoken to them of this, invariably tell me that the Normandy people are notoriously dishonest, and they quite fairly retort on me that I ought not to judge France by them any more than Frenchmen ought to judge the people of Great Britain by some of the inhabitants of Wales.

But I think we may more fairly do so than Frenchmen will allow, because the peasant spirit is more widely spread through France than it is through Great Britain. It is not possible to avoid the conclusion that the love of money for no other reason than the possession of it has got an ugly hold on the French mind; and that this love has steadily grown stronger since the peasant authority over France began to develop and to assert itself. It is depressing to read in French newspapers accounts of murders, generally committed in a very brutal manner, for the sake of a mean sum of money. Here is an old man who has accumulated some miserable francs in the course of a hard and very nearly joyless life. His head is horribly battered in so that some greedier peasant may steal his savings. There is an old woman who bent herself nearly double working in the fields so that she might possess a stockingful of dingy coins and dirty notes — and she is horribly murdered for the sake of her small accumulation. All nations have their horrible people, but there are few nations in which murder cannot be attributed to other causes than the meanest, which is the greed of small

money. I do not think I have said anything here of which imaginative Frenchmen are not aware. Indeed, I think it deeply disturbs many of them.

Will this peasant view of life spread so completely over the surface of French civilization that everything in the community will be subordinated to acquisitiveness? That is the problem which is agitating their minds, and it is a problem whose solution is of high importance to Europe. This great nation has enriched the world beyond all calculation. In letters and drama, and music and painting, and in thought, all of us who are not French are in the debt of France. If there is to be payment for these things, then all that we have done for France in the way of fighting is only part of the debt we owe to her. But it is a frightful thought that the world's gratitude to France is in danger of not being increased because France is lapsing from her high degree of civilization to the peasant's suspicious society in which nothing matters but a pot full of food and a little hoard of hidden money.

France is becoming more determinedly austere. Her people are becoming dingier. I said to an English friend, who is married to a French woman, that it seemed to me now that Paris was drabber than when I last was here. The working girls in England, I said, were always prettier than the working girls in France, but now they have, what they never had before, more style than the French girls. He would not agree to this latter assertion, but his wife declared that I was in the right. There is more black worn in France, and not for purposes of mourning, than there is in England. The women are less well-dressed than they were. The number of dowdy women to be seen in Paris is astonishing — and they are nearly all French women. The legend that French women dress supremely well was always, I think, a little roman-

tic, but to-day it is pure nonsense, and I assert with assurance that there are more dowds to be seen in the Place de l'Opéra and the Rue St. Honoré than there are to be seen in London.

The worst and most tastelessly dressed woman I have ever known was a French woman, but I thought that she was unique among her countrywomen. She may have been then: she is not now. I suppose that the best and most tastefully dressed women in the world are the Americans — beautiful women with style and vivacity; but when I am in London or even in the provinces of England, and I see the hundreds of young girls of limited means who contrive to dress themselves very charmingly, I feel some pride in the fact that my countrywomen are holding their own in this difficult business of taste.

Do not deceive yourself into the belief that this discussion of dress is a trivial one. A dowdy dress is the sign of a dowdy mind, and we may conclude, when we find the women of France ceasing to display the style which tradition associates with them, that they have ceased to own stylish thoughts. I remember, once in Switzerland, complaining to a Swiss who had traveled much that one rarely saw an ordinarily pretty girl in his country. Some few one saw in the towns, but rarely any in the villages. He said that it was considered a misfortune in Switzerland for a girl to be born pretty, and a girl so unfortunate as that, if she wished to marry or even to earn a living, had to emigrate. What the Swiss farmer prized in a wife were strength and endurance and industry; and if she were as ugly as the mind can imagine, and had these virtues, he would prefer her before Helen of Troy. Helen of Troy was, of course, hardly an asset to any husband, but I prefer the men who died for her to the men who would have liked her to have the utilities of a cow.

This is part of the peasant plan for the peopling of the earth, that there shall be no more beautiful women, but only domestic servants of an uncomplaining sort. This is part of the peasant plan for the governing of nations, that there shall be no more beautiful things deliberately created because they are beautiful. This is part of the peasant plan for human society, that man shall return to the level of the inarticulate and patient beasts, that there shall be no more adventure or romance, that men shall not be wayward any more, that there shall be silence and subordination and incessant labor, and that no one shall leave the place where he was born unless he is driven from it by necessity or persecution. And now in France we see this peasant plan spreading itself. Look in, not out, says the peasant. Be useful, not ornamental, says the peasant. Do nothing that is not immediately profitable, says the peasant. Dig, dig, dig, and hoard, hoard, hoard, says the peasant!

Sometimes, in my imagination, I see this peasant-governed world relapsing steadily into the worst of all the tyrannies — the tyranny of the uneducated and the uncouth. There will come a day when the organized community will forbid a man to wander where he will. Here you were born, you will be told, and here, while there is need of you, you must stay. No one will be allowed to go to another country without permission, and the most of traveling will be done by government officials. For observe, wherever you go, how the peasant hates and is afraid of travel, and how reluctant he is to admit the stranger to his community. 'Go to your own place,' is his most common remark to the foreigner. Was it not only the other day that the Irish Free State, in which the peasant has got the better of the gentleman, was forbidding men to leave Ireland? Is it not still

refusing to compensate those whose houses were destroyed unless they return to Ireland? One is alarmed by these manifestations of peasant authority wherever they are seen, but one is made abjectly afraid when they are observed in the very citadel of civilization, which is France.

I suppose that seven out of ten shops in Paris have to do with eating and drinking, which is the peasant's philosophy of life. And that, increasingly, is what Paris is coming to, unless the peasant can raise himself above the soil. We may yet see the streets of that lovely city filled with dingy, drab, mud-colored drudges whose husbands sit in restaurants and grow paunchier and more paunchy with the great quantities of food and drink that they consume. A Frenchman said to a friend of mine, 'What do Englishmen do when they retire from business?' My friend replied, 'Some of them travel, some of them go in for sport or politics — all sorts of things!' And then he asked, 'What does a Frenchman do?' The Frenchman's face loosened itself into a big, fat, greedy smile as he replied, 'He lays down a cellar!'

A suspicion crosses my mind that perhaps I may seem to be making little of good cooking and good food. But absorption in food, a reduction of life to terms of cooking, a suspension of all activities in the interests of fatness and more fatness — no, no, ladies and gentlemen, we must have none of that. That's peasant stuff!

Well, there it is! One can hardly know France and not love France, but one also can hardly know her now and not be afraid of her. And yet, who knows? There still remains in our memory the recollection of the young girl in the orchard of Lorraine who dreamed dreams and made them come true. And perhaps that young girl will be born again!

A STEED IN THE SENATE

BY LEONID ANDREEV

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[THIS hitherto unpublished satire is based upon an actual incident. The Emperor Caligula bestowed the honors of priesthood and the consulship upon his favorite race-horse, Incitatus.]

The Roman Senate convenes. The stage setting is on a grandiose scale; everything is imposing save the people. Slowly and majestically, trailing their feet with the burden of their own importance, the Senators gather for the day's session. The older and most important are surrounded by crowds of satellites, freedmen and slaves. An army of flatterers circulates through the throng. Modest-looking, sharp-featured 'Semi-Senators,' — or informers, — dressed in unobtrusive gray, keep a keen though seemingly unobserving eye on everything, listen to every word, try to be everywhere. The sun shines, the weather is fine. An old and pompous patrician greets another, as old and pompous as himself.

FIRST PATRICIAN. I greet thee, most worthy Publius!

SECOND PATRICIAN. I greet thee, Scipio, greatest of Roman citizens, ornament of the Senate!

(They bow and part with stiff dignity.)

FIRST FLATTERER *(whispering in the FIRST PATRICIAN'S ear)*. For such a thief and cheat to have such a following!

SECOND FLATTERER *(whispering to the SECOND PATRICIAN)*. To think that such an embezzler, adulterer, and scoundrel has such a following!

(Both Senators, each in his seat, shake their heads sadly, with an expression of deep civic concern. A few younger Senators greet each other, standing in a circle.)

FIRST SENATOR. Good day, Claudius.

SECOND SENATOR. Good day, Marcus.

THIRD SENATOR. What is the matter with you, Marcus? Your face was n't half as bloated yesterday as it is to-day.

MARCUS. They had a devil of a time waking me this morning. *(He clears his throat hoarsely.)* What nonsense is it that they summon us for? My head's a-bursting.

FOURTH SENATOR. Sh-sh-sh!

SECOND SENATOR. Some very important matter. So the messenger told me. Cæsar —

FOURTH SENATOR. Sh-sh-sh! You, what do you want here?

SEMI-SENATOR. I? Why, nothing at all. It's strange that you should ask that. I just happen to be here.

MARCUS *(threatening)*. Just happen, eh?

SEMI-SENATOR. What a colonnade! What a portico! It is n't a portico —

FOURTH SENATOR. Are you through looking at it?

SEMI-SENATOR *(hastily)*. Thank you, yes. *(Walks away.)* What remarkable architecture!

MARCUS *(hoarsely)*. Vile trade! Wait till I catch him some day near the Capitol.

FIFTH SENATOR *(greets them excitedly)*. Have you heard?

ALL (*at once*). No. What is it? What? Speak, Agrippa.

AGRIPPA. I simply can't see what we're headed for. To Pluto with it all! They plan to shorten our togas.

FOURTH SENATOR. It cannot be! To shorten —

AGRIPPA. To shorten them by a cubit or two — to have them end above the knee. Do you grasp it? No, you cannot. What kind of Romans should we be after that? (*All are amazed.*)

SECOND SENATOR. Nobody dares touch the Roman Senate!

AGRIPPA. And if they cut, let them cut off our togas and feet together. If my ancestor, Mucius Scaevola, knew how to sacrifice his hand, I —

(*They relapse into gloomy silence. Two prominent Senators, surrounded by crowds of clients, meet and greet each other.*)

MARCUS (*to first prominent Senator*). Greetings to you, great Titus! Have you heard about the new command of our divine, our —

TITUS. I have. Good day to you all. I went to see Cæsar last night. What a mind! What an illuminated mind!

ALL. Oh yes, his mind!

SECOND PROMINENT SENATOR (*enviously*). I also went to see Cæsar. He had invited me. What wines! Five slaves carried me out, I was so heavy after supper.

TITUS. Six slaves had to carry me — but I don't see anything remarkable in that. (*To MARCUS*) When you are heavy with liquor, how many slaves carry you home?

MARCUS. Twelve. But tell me, Titus, have you heard anything to the effect that our great Cæsar, august Caligula, has expressed the wish to see our togas shortened?

TITUS. Our togas?

SECOND PROMINENT SENATOR. Shortened!

(*The two laugh condescendingly.*)

TITUS. What does he care about our togas?

SECOND PROMINENT SENATOR. What nonsense!

AGRIPPA. Then why this solemn session? I am told that messengers were even sent to those living out of town, in their villas at Albanum. Note how many are coming in. We really felt quite upset.

TITUS. Nonsense! Cæsar is planning unusually splendid festivities.

(*Joyous ripple and exclamations.*)

TITUS. Yes. And, you understand, he needs money. (*He grins and rubs his bony fingers.*) A little money!

AGRIPPA. Credits? (*Overjoyed*) Oh well, that's a different matter.

ALL. That's a different matter.

MARCUS. All he wants! Just so our feet —

FOURTH SENATOR. History has recognized that *panis et circenses* — And, generally speaking, this principle — To put it briefly—(*He loses his thread.*) I don't even understand what it's all about. Sh-sh-sh!

SECOND SEMI-SENATOR. No, no, don't be disturbed. I'm all right. I'm nothing. I thought you were just relating a merry anecdote, and so I fancied — You know I like that kind, he, he, he!

TITUS. Ah, that's you. Well, well, good day, rascal, good day. Why don't you drop in to see me sometime? We might have a chat.

SEMI-SENATOR. I am so busy, my great benefactor, I never have any time left. So many worries, upon my honor, that my head whirls.

(*The rest have stepped back and listen respectfully.*)

TITUS. Well, drop in sometime.

SEMI-SENATOR. I'll consider it a duty, my benefactor. I have some little news that — (*He stoops over to the Senator's ear.*) You have n't heard any-

thing about it, have you? I've suspected this Agrippa for a long time.

TITUS. You're a fool, my dear fellow. What would they say in my presence? Let's go. Well, so Cæsar asked me yesterday . . . (*They walk away. The others advance again.*)

MARCUS. So they frightened us for no reason. You're a busybody, Agrippa.

SECOND SENATOR. I like that idea of festivities. The mob has been getting restive lately. Yesterday my slaves had to clear the way for me with their staffs.

AGRIPPA. Don't say a word. I'm glad myself. Sh-sh-sh! Marcellus is coming.

VOICES. Aha! They have called in Marcellus himself! It must be important.

MARCUS. I'm afraid of him. What if he comes to me and says: 'Marcus, you're a scoundrel' — what can I answer? He'll be right!

AGRIPPA. There are n't many such as he left!

(*Everybody greets MARCELLUS with deep respect. He stops.*)

MARCELLUS. I greet you, friends! Do you know why they called us together to-day? All Rome is agog over this solemn session. Is it another war with Gaul?

AGRIPPA. Where you won such glory, O great Marcellus! But no. They say that extraordinary festivities are contemplated and that large sums of money are needed for them.

MARCELLUS. Ah!

A DEAF AND HALF-BLIND SENATOR. And I always vote 'yes.' Ah? What? Oh yes. How could I vote 'no' if I'm deaf? Oh yes, yes. What are you saying? You may say what you wish, it does n't make any difference — I'm deaf. Is n't that you, Marcellus? I don't see very well. We used to be in Gaul together. I'm Anthony — you remember me, don't you?

MARCELLUS. I'm Marcellus, but you are not Anthony any longer. (*Exit.*)

THE DEAF SENATOR. What did he say? Oh, I don't want to talk to him either. Say what you will — I'm deaf anyway. I'll go now and talk to someone else.

(*He stumbles away amid general merriment, and interrupts another group of talkers. The Senators are now all present and stand in little knots talking. SENATOR MENENIUS, round as a ball, excited beyond all limits, approaches our particular group. He cannot speak because he is out of breath, and merely waves his arms.*)

AGRIPPA. What's the matter with you, Menenius?

MARCUS. What's the matter with him? Eh, you, you'd better come to!

MENENIUS. Oh, oh, oh! Oh! — Oh!

FOURTH SENATOR. Now speak, will you?

MENENIUS. The red — red — red — Senator — (*More Senators draw near.*)

VOICES. What's that? Listen, listen! Will you speak, Menenius? Who's dead? Nobody!

MENENIUS. Cæsar — the august Cæsar — oh — Cæsar has — appointed his red — his red — oh — a Senator —

MARCUS. What red Senator? Oh, you're drunk, that's what you are.

MENENIUS. No.

MARCUS. Then what are you weeping about? Speak!

AGRIPPA. What red Senator? Why is he so excited? We have all kinds of Senators here —

THIRD SENATOR. Who is red-haired here? Scipio, is n't it?

SECOND SENATOR. Camillus is another, and Helvidius a third.

MENENIUS. No, no! (*He waves his arms.*) A horse!

ALL. What horse? What is he talking about?

MENENIUS. Cæsar has appointed his red steed — you know the one —

VOICES. Yes, we do. Yes, we know. And what then?

MENENIUS (*tragically*). Cæsar has appointed his red steed a Senator.

(*A silence. Then uproarious laughter. New listeners join the group and learning the news also laugh. MENENIUS waves his arms, but no one pays attention to him.*)

VOICES. The red steed — a Senator. Ha, ha, ha! Who said so? Ha, ha, ha! (*Finally there is a lull.*)

MENENIUS (*shouting*). You asses! You fools! You idiots! What are you laughing about? I'm telling you the truth. He's appointed and to-day he will be led into the Senate House.

(*More laughter*)

MENENIUS. Yes, they'll lead him into the Senate House, and here is the speech I'm supposed to make to him. (*He shows the parchment in his hands and weeps.*) Here come the Consuls. They know all about it. Ask them, idiots. (*There is a puzzled silence, broken by a chuckle here and there, but most look earnest. Two Consuls approach. They are elegantly dressed, look important, but affect a gracious manner.*)

FIRST CONSUL. How pleasant it looks here! How very nice! And what a wonderful day, is n't it?

SECOND CONSUL. Wonderful! And the little birds singing. Praise be to Jupiter, our divine Cæsar feels better to-day and ordered prayers of thanksgiving. Well, I think we may begin.

AGRIPPA (*stammering*). And — and is it true?

BOTH CONSULS (*very pleasantly*). What, dear colleague?

MARCUS (*sighing*). About the red horse. Menenius has been talking here —

(*The Consuls try to convey by their expression both their sympathetic commiseration with the Senators and their submissive approval of the Emperor's act.*)

FIRST CONSUL. Oh! So you've already heard about it. Yes, yes, I con-

gratulate you all. A great joy, gentlemen. The great Cæsar has had the benevolence to appoint to our body a new — so to speak — member, whom we greet to-day —

SEMI-SENATOR (*thrusting his head in among the group*). A Senator!

CONSUL. Oh, yes, of course — a new Senator. I thank you. Of course it's a most honorable appointment — I may say a most honorable — er — er —

SECOND CONSUL. Animal!

FIRST CONSUL. Yes, animal, gentlemen. Are we not all of us animals? All are animals. And if some of us have two feet, there are some who only have one foot; and so why may not still others have four?

SECOND CONSUL. The Constitution does not specify the number of feet a Senator shall have. So that if the above-mentioned st —

MARCUS. Steed, steed! You might as well say it. Jupiter, Jupiter!

FIRST CONSUL. We all know his brilliant past. Only last year he — or it — received the first prize in the races — I mean we all should be proud and welcome with joy —

SECOND CONSUL. The only doubtful point, as far as the Constitution is concerned, is his age. Our new esteemed colleague is only six years old —

FIRST CONSUL. Here I permit myself to disagree with you, dear colleague. Four-footed animals measure their age by different standards. Four-footed animals reach full mental maturity at the age of —

AGRIPPA. I object! (*A general roar of indignation and protest*)

VOICES. We object! We object!

AGRIPPA. There has been no precedent for this since Rome was founded!

VOICES. There never was! There never was! Down with the steed! Down with the red steed!

AGRIPPA (*inspired*). All kinds of scoundrels have been appointed to

our ranks; yet we were silent. We never objected. But at least they had two feet and not four.

VOICES. Right! We want no four-footed colleagues.

AGRIPPA. Thieves and Cæsar's lovers have been appointed —

MARCUS (*grasping him by the hand*). You're crazy! (*The uproar stops instantly. There is a silence.*)

FIRST CONSUL (*obligingly*). Have you spoken, Agrippa?

SEMI-SENATOR (*whispers*). He said 'and Cæsar's lovers'!

FIRST CONSUL. Such, nevertheless, is the will of our divine Cæsar. If you don't like it, Agrippa, you are free to say so. Cæsar comes himself in a few minutes. And at the same time there will be — er — led in — er —

SEMI-SENATOR. Invited in!

FIRST CONSUL. Thank you! Our new colleague will be invited in. I should add that Cæsar has expressed a special wish that our new colleague be welcomed warmly. Cæsar feels confident that your customary reserve, Patres Patriæ, will not on this occasion prevent your expressing adequately your enthusiasm and gratitude to your divine and august Cæsar for his great act of benevolence. After the speech of welcome which Menenius has volunteered to make —

MENENIUS. Oh —

FIRST CONSUL. Oh, here is Marcellus. I'm so glad to see you.

MARCELLUS. So am I. Will you lead in the steed yourself?

FIRST CONSUL (*sarcastically*). No, but you will make the second speech of welcome. Such is the will of the divine Cæsar. He looks forward with delight to hearing your eloquent eulogium.

MARCELLUS (*turning pale*). I'm a poor speaker. I'm a soldier.

FIRST CONSUL. I am only the messenger of Caligula's wishes.

MARCELLUS. Tell Cæsar —

FIRST CONSUL (*lifting both hands in protest*). No, no! None of that, most worthy warrior. I dare carry no refusal to Cæsar. (*Smiling ingratiatingly*) I can only repeat that he is enthusiastic in advance over your coming speech. And so — permit me to congratulate you, gentlemen! (*Both Consuls walk away, accompanied by lictors and followed by clients and flatterers. A vacant space forms around MARCELLUS. Very pale, he walks slowly away. There is a silence, then confused cries are heard.*)

VOICES. Unheard-of! Unprecedented! The mob will jeer at us. Put out that horse! Down with that steed! Down with Incitatus!

A SINGLE VOICE. Down with Caligula! (*Sudden silence. People turn their heads and look around. MARCUS drags out a scared Semi-Senator by the collar. Laughter.*)

MARCUS. Here he is. What were you shouting, eh? Whom do you want to down, eh?

SEMI-SENATOR. I? — Jupiter! Do you think I'm a —

ALL. Out with him! (*The SEMI-SENATOR is kicked out. Other Semi-Senators, badly scared, follow him. However, they try to listen in from a distance, with a baffled look in their eyes. Those present quiet down somewhat.*)

THIRD SENATOR. We must not assent. For Jupiter's sake, what will that look like! 'The Senate and the Roman People' is written over every city gate — and suddenly — a horse! A red stallion!

ANOTHER. This will be a stable, not a Senate House!

ANOTHER. A stall!

FOURTH SENATOR. Quiet, quiet, Senators! We must deliberate. There goes Titus — let's ask him. Is it possible that he, too — Titus! Honorable Titus!

(TITUS squeezes through the crowd. He looks a good deal less important than when he first entered.)

TITUS. I've been away — I did n't hear — There's so much noise, my friends — What happened? They're talking about some horse.

MARCUS. It is n't 'some horse,' but the Emperor's favorite steed. The red stallion — don't you know?

TITUS. Yes, I do. What then?

MARCUS. 'Then, then!' Then he is appointed Senator. He'll sit next to you.

(General merriment and noisy chatter.

TITUS falls down unconscious.)

VOICES. Tickle his nose! His nose, his nose! Pour water on him! (TITUS is revived.)

TITUS (weakly). And that is true! O Jupiter!

VOICES. What shall we do, Titus?

AGRIPPA. I told you that we must appeal to the people and the legionaries!

TITUS (waving his hands). Sh-sh-sh! What are you talking about! In no case! Wait. Let me think. (He thinks. The rest stand about staring at him with open mouths.)

TITUS. And so —

VOICES. Listen, listen!

TITUS. As the eldest in this exalted assembly, I say we must not submit. (Shouts of approval) The divine Augustus has evidently been made the victim of some misunderstanding. How is it possible to appoint a horse Senator? What, then — am I a horse too, perchance? (With bitter irony) A red stallion? Evidently somebody carried some wild tale to Cæsar, and His August Majesty, in his perpetual solicitude for the welfare of his people, simply did not consider —

VOICES. Ah — did not stop to consider how many feet Incitatus has?

TITUS. Why — yes — the number of feet, and generally speaking — But I don't think the number of feet is the important point here. I am of the opin-

ion that the question is deeper than this. And we must simply present Caligula a petition, asking him to recall his erroneous—or rather inexcus—or rather inconsiderate choice.

SEMI-SENATOR (thrusting his head among them). And thou, Titus?

TITUS. Get hence, to Pluto. Yes, I, Titus. What about it? Get out of here.

(The SEMI-SENATOR disappears, followed by shouts: 'Down! Out!')

TITUS. And above all else we must point out to Augustus our own services, our loyalty which, so to say, makes it entirely unnecessary to introduce in our midst —

VOICES. Animals.

TITUS. Why — yes — animals. Have n't we tolerated everything? We never protested when Cæsar, so to say, robbed the people of their last pennies and threw the gold away on his night festivities and orgies. We never protested when he dissolved pearls in vinegar and drank this expensive but only moderately wholesome beverage. We were silent when he threw Roman citizens to wild beasts in the Circus, taking his word for it that such food was the least expensive. I remember having investigated the matter personally and come to the conclusion that, as a matter of fact, such food was really cheapest considering the dearth of provisions —

VOICES. Cut it short! We know all about that!

TITUS. We were silent when, having set out to make war on Brittany, he sent us lying bulletins of victories, while he was really strolling on the Gallic beaches and gathering sea shells. We were silent when he proclaimed himself a god and ordered the statues of the other gods decapitated and his head substituted. And all for what? I am an old man, I am a Pater Patriæ. I cannot consent to any old red plug — (He weeps.)

MENENIUS (*weeping*). A red st—
st—stallion!

TITUS (*sobbing*). Robed in a toga! A toga! (*Controlling himself with an effort*) Defiling the seat next to mine in the Senate House! What for, I ask you! What have we done? What crime have we committed? Have n't we been silent when —

VOICES. Enough! Enough! Petition! Petition! We have committed no offense! Down with the d——d horse!

AGRIPPA. I object! Roman Senators, remember who you are!

DEAF SENATOR (*raising a toothless wail*). I vote 'yes'! I vote 'yes'!

AGRIPPA. We must not ask — we must demand, Roman Senators. If we are guilty of offense, let them judge us and punish us. But to act like this, all of a sudden — and this horse! What are things coming to? Many of our colleagues have made much of its being a red horse. I think the color does not matter. The thing to do is to get up and leave the Senate.

VOICES. Let's go! Let's leave the Senate!

AGRIPPA (*delighting in his own eloquence*). And when we all, covering our heads with our togas, with a bearing of gloomy despair and proud defiance —

(*There is noise at the entrance. The Consuls and the Prætorian Guards of the Emperor appear. Lictors shout: 'To your seats! To your seats! Make way for the Emperor!' All the Senators surrounding Agrippa scurry to their seats.*)

AGRIPPA (*not noticing the commotion*). Who, then, will remain in the Senate House? Who will sit? The horse alone. On the venerable spot where great Brutus —

PRÆTORIANS (*pushing him aside*). Give way!

(AGRIPPA suddenly comes to himself and runs to his seat. Much noise and bustle; aged Senators lose their places,

take other people's seats, and quarrel. Scribes pass by. From every nook and corner protrude curious heads of Semi-Senators, looking for matter to include in their secret reports of the session. Prætorian guards occupy the entrances. CALIGULA appears, surrounded by pampered favorites, prefects, and high military dignitaries. He is drunk and two friends, Priscus and Dio, support him on either side. A wreath of golden laurel crowns his head. His small, swollen eyes look drowsy and ugly. From sheer insolence, Cæsar drags one foot and traces fancy circles with it. Then he laughs, shakes off his attendants, and ascends with a fairly steady step to the Imperial loggia. The members of his retinue take their positions around him. As soon as Caligula has reached his seat, the whole Senate rises and greets him with a prolonged ovation, which was at that time called a 'triumph.' They shout: 'Vivat Cæsar, vivat!' CALIGULA, without responding in any way, curiously scans the cheering Senators and then waves his head with an expression of satiety. The noise subsides. The Senators sit down. The FIRST CONSUL opens the session.)

FIRST CONSUL. Roman Senators! In his constant solicitude for the welfare of the Roman people and the glory of the Republic, the divine Cæsar is pleased to appoint a new Senator. Shirking no sacrifice, no matter how heavy for his generous heart, Caligula condescends to renounce, for the needs of the State, his favorite st — er — hor — er —

SECOND CONSUL. Mount!

FIRST CONSUL. His favorite mount. And so to-day the latter will honor our assembly with his presence already as Senator and Pater Patriæ. And we are happy —

CALIGULA (*in a loud voice*). What is he babbling about? Make him stop, Priscus. Tell him I'm going to ride Incitatus just as I did before. Look at what that fool has thought up!

PRISCUS (*indolently*). Say, listen, what's-your-name —

FIRST CONSUL. Yes, yes, I know. And Cæsar's benignity is such that even hereafter he will not cease to bestow his high notice upon the new Senator and he will — er — how should I say? — he will — er — practise —

SECOND CONSUL. According to the Constitution each Senator is permitted, during the time he is disengaged from State duties, to employ — how should I say? — to be employed — er — or to be used —

CALIGULA (*loudly and angrily*). Tell him — any time I wish!

FIRST CONSUL (*hastily*). Bearing in mind that to serve Cæsar is the most important business of State, and our foremost and most sacred duty, the new Senator will be ready for such — exercise at any time. Whereupon I am happy to transmit to the Senate the Emperor's appreciation for the fact that all the Senators, conscious of their duty, have hastened to the present session in such highly satisfactory numbers. Now I shall ask you to bring in — er — to lead in —

SECOND CONSUL. To invite.

FIRST CONSUL. To invite the most worthy Incit— Senator — (*Everyone looks on with excited interest. Several stable-boys lead in a tall red stallion whose hoofs strike the marble floor with a loud metallic echo. The beautiful animal, somewhat excited, rolls his proud black eyes sideways. A Senator's toga has been thrown over his back instead of a blanket.*)

CALIGULA (*enthusiastically*). A fine little horse, eh? What a horse, Priscus, eh?

FIRST CONSUL. Roman Senators, where are your manners? Greet our colleague! Vivat!

(*The senators stand up and greet the horse with a chorus of prolonged vivats.*)

CALIGULA (*squinting his small, bleary eyes.*) Did they all get up, Priscus?

PRISCUS. All.

CALIGULA (*sighing with disappointment*). But perhaps someone did n't. Look sharp now.

PRISCUS. All.

CALIGULA. Give me wine. (*He sips the wine, angrily surveying the people below.*)

(*The new Senator is surrounded by a small crowd of especially enthusiastic patricians who pat his proud neck cautiously, fearing a nip by his teeth. They smile at him tenderly. The horse is restless.*)

PRISCUS. Don't you think, O august Cæsar, that these new admirers worry Incitatus too much?

CALIGULA. Ah? What? Tell them not to touch him — to get out of here!

FIRST CONSUL. Cæsar asks you not to burden the Senator with overmuch attention, which he finds disagreeable.

CALIGULA. And to get out! Out!

FIRST CONSUL. And to return to your seats. (*Ravished, bowing and smiling with servile complaisance, the Senators regain their seats. There is a silence. Senators converse in an undertone, with an expression of intense loyalty on their faces. One even yawns extremely loyally, to show his unconcerned approval.*)

CALIGULA (*gloomily*). And is that all?

PRISCUS (*yawning*). What else do you want, divine Augustus? Your Incitatus has been worthily received.

CALIGULA. Worthily, worthily, yes. Say, Priscus, did you enjoy it?

PRISCUS (*carelessly*). No. I told you to appoint a rooster.

ANOTHER FAVORITE. It would have been the same with a rooster.

CALIGULA. Don't talk nonsense! What rooster? I love Incitatus and don't want any rooster here. You're a rooster yourself! I planned some fun, and they never know how to make any. (*He weeps.*) Pluto take me! I'm looking for excitement — but is this excit-

ing? O Aphrodite, what boredom, what horrible boredom!

PRISCUS. Calm yourself, divine Augustus. You rend our hearts.

A PREFECT (*his hand on his sword*). Scoundrels! They have grieved Cæsar!

SECOND FAVORITE. Calm yourself, Cæsar. Your health is precious for the fatherland. Perhaps something will come of it yet.

CALIGULA (*sobbing*). 'Something'! Nothing will come of it! Don't I know them?

PRISCUS. Listen. Now Menenius will make his speech of welcome to the horse.

CALIGULA (*stops weeping and tries to open his eyes wide*). Menenius? You're crazy.

PRISCUS. Why? He is an illustrious patrician. His family descends directly from a cook of Numa Pompilius. He is a respectable individual with an unsullied reputation, well esteemed by the Senate.

CALIGULA. Menenius? Now understand this; he never speaks well except at funerals. I remember that when they smothered 'Papa' Tiberius with blankets he made a good speech. I wept that time. (*He weeps*.)

PRISCUS. Be quiet, we beseech you, divine Augustus! Control your tender heart. That's just what is interesting about it: he's used to speaking at funerals; let him try this job for a change. The Consul and I have chosen him especially to amuse you. (*The retinue laugh. Caligula grasps the joke and now laughs loudly with them.*)

CALIGULA. All right, all right. Let it be Menenius.

VOICES. Menenius! Menenius!

MENENIUS. Divine Caligula, and you, Roman Senators! What an irreparable loss we — er — we should have had to bear if — if our divine Cæsar had not appointed to our honorable body this — er — this (*He coughs*) —

this Senator here. What grief should we feel, gathering here over this — around this — which is not his dead body — if the Emperor had felt the sacrifice too keenly to part with his steed, and had not put the senatorial toga on him. I choke with tears at the thought alone. Patres Patriæ! You all knew him and loved him, and I need not recall to your memory his never-to-be-forgotten image — yes, never-to-be-forgotten. Remember how he ran, how he flew around the Hippodrome, his tail high in the air, how happy he was — and now! What do we see now? He sits. (*Weeping*) And if for us, who have so few feet, it seems hard, and in summertime even unbearable, to sit here, how terrible must it be for him, with his — his numerous feet and his tail! So let us greet him again by a rising vote of thanks, and let us express our gratitude to our great and illustrious divine Augustus for having given us magnanimously his own (*weeping*) — his very own — steed. (*He sits down. All rise. Shouts of 'Vivat!' and laughter. There is laughter in the Imperial loggia, too, but CALIGULA does not get the joke yet and looks confused.*)

CALIGULA. Well — has he — has he spoken well?

SECOND FAVORITE. I think he did.

PRISCUS. I think he did well. Except those last words —

SECOND FAVORITE. But even the last words — If we take into consideration the orator's deep sincerity, his tears — (*They laugh again. CÆSAR scans them suspiciously and suddenly is thrown into a fit of rage.*)

CALIGULA. Keep still, slaves! I'll show you! I — I'll — all of you — (*He chokes with fury. Deathly silence. Purple with rage, CALIGULA stands up, staggering, and shouts over the barrier of the loggia.*) You, Patres Patriæ, slaves! Cut out that laughter! Cut out those — Who allowed you to laugh? Don't

dare! It's my horse! And if you laugh again I'll—I'll— Shut up, you dung-heap of a Senate, I'll have you whipped—whipped! Silence! Who am I? I'm a god, that's what I am. I've beheaded Castor; I've beheaded Pollux; I'll have you all beheaded; I'm bored! I'm a god. I wanted to make a horse a Senator; and if I so please I'll make you all horses and send you to the Hippodrome to race. You'll run fine races for me, I'll bet you. And I'll make you all wear tails, too. Do you hear that? *(He sits down and drinks wine, glowering askance at his retinue with bloodshot eyes. The favorites whisper cautiously among themselves.)*

PRISCUS. What a speech! This is one of the best speeches our divine Augustus ever made.

CALIGULA *(drinking)*. Now you're talking sense!

SECOND FAVORITE. And how about the tails? What a brilliant idea!

CALIGULA. That'll do. I'm tired of you. Let someone speak again, but I want a live speech, not a funeral dirge.

PRISCUS. I believe it's the turn of Marcellus.

CALIGULA. Ah, the old swashbuckler. Is he still alive?

PRISCUS. You have forgotten him, divine Augustus.

CALIGULA. And you could n't remind me, eh? Well, let him speak. Marcellus!

TIMID VOICES. Marcellus! Marcellus!

MARCELLUS. I salute thee, divine and incomparable Augustus. I greet you, Senators! I greet you, too, our new and worthy colleague. *(He bows to the horse.)* I'm a warrior, not an orator, and it becomes me better to fight with my sword than to shoot winged words into the air. So I ask you in advance to forgive me if my speech be an unskillful one. I shall try to make up for this shortcoming by being blunt as a warrior and honest as an old Roman citi-

zen. Caligula! you are right. You are always right. You were also right when, full of ire, you wished to stop their stupid roaring a minute ago. I followed your furious speech with all my heart. Whip them! Whip them! They swear and commit perjury; they talk folly; their unclean mouths spew nothing but uncleanness. The only thing they can do with dignity is be silent. Who, then, is the best among them? Who should be Senator in this Senate if not a red stallion? I have only one reproach to make to you, divine Augustus: you have stopped midway. You have not achieved what you began and have not properly crowned your wise enterprise: you have not ceded your laurel wreath and your exalted position to Incitatus. *(CALIGULA does not yet understand; the retinue whisper something in his ears but he waves them away.)* You are a god, and you can do anything. So make the red stallion a Cæsar the way you have made him Senator. Make your red stallion the supreme, illustrious ornament of the long line of Rome's rulers. I see you blush. Do you doubt whether the Roman people, so hateful to you, deserve such a divine gift? Be reassured: they deserve it. They have borne patiently for years the rule of a two-legged brute like yourself; a quadruped will be only another glorious step forward! Down with your crown, bastard! Give it to the steed!

(There is a noise. Legionaries hasten toward MARCELLUS, to seize him. Many Senators hasten from the Senate House so as not to see what follows. CALIGULA howls with fury.)

CALIGULA. Seize him! I'll throw him to the wild beasts! I'll—

MARCELLUS *(bowing)*. I have finished.

(The tumult increases. Men flee in all directions. Prætorians seize MARCELLUS.)



IN ELYSIAN FIELDS

Drawn by Will Dyson in the *London Mercury*

The late Henry James, meeting some compatriots of an earlier day, — among them Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby, and Bill Nye, — is asked by them "to give it a name." He proceeds to do so.

A PAGE OF VERSE

ON PREPARING TO WRITE A SPRING POEM

BY HILTON R. GREER

[*Poetry Review*]

I DIP in the dew to its jeweled heart
The tip of a wild bird's wing . . .
Good Jonquil, lend me the golden word!
I would write what I think of Spring.

O WINTER WIND

BY RUTH DUFFIN

[*Bookman*]

O WINTER wind, breathe softly where she lies —
Let her sleep on.
I would not wake her to these bitter skies:
She loved the sun.

But when the Spring above her sleep shall pass,
Oh, whisper low;
Tell her the daisies whiten all the grass,
And violets blow.

Tell her I strove through cold and sunless hours
For her dear sake;
But oh! if she sleep on when April flowers,
My heart will break.

LOVE

BY DOROTHY EASTON

[*Adelphi*]

LOVE was a pulse in me, a birdlike thing,
A colored, trembling, shivering, quivering thing;
A field of wild flowers tossed up by the breeze,
A sky of flame-cloud torn upon the trees.

Love is a well in me, a deep-hid pool,
Like sap in trunk of tree, like forest cool;
A secret violet blooming all alone,
A tenderness — kept hidden, just for one.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

FOUR NEW GERMAN WRITERS

HERR WALTER ANGELL, writing in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, singles out for especial comment four German writers of fiction who, he believes, point the way toward recovery from the morbidity which has overtaken recent German literature as it has most post-war writing. These four champions, none of whom is as yet well known, are Erich Makowski, who has recently published a novel based on Roman history, *Der Mann aus der Plebs*; Hermann Aellen, whose novel, *Die Lawine von Gurin*, has just appeared; Heinrich Schöffs, who entitled his new idyllic novel of German country-life *Eden*; and finally Hermann Sinsheimer who, after achieving a reputation as a critic and after several not too successful attempts to write novels, has at length produced what is said to be a remarkable piece of fiction in *Peter Wildangers Sohn*.

'After a period of scanty and almost insignificant production, which, however, is quite understandable in these times of such bitter social and economic havoc, it is again possible in recent days to observe German novelists once more in frequent and vigorous production,' writes Herr Angell. 'The appearance of speculative and fruitless experiment in form and substance is becoming agreeably less frequent, and writers are in general turning from their former high and mighty contempt for tradition back to conscientious work. New names are being heard, unknown names with no reputation as yet, now for the first time struggling to test their popularity and their ability to win renown.

No one can deny an appealing courage in these authors who to-day venture into print with their first work. They are daring a struggle with a generation which is concerned with nothing so little as with art, and they hope to gain attention at a moment when artistic seriousness finds almost no response.'

Erich Makowski's *Der Mann aus der Plebs* is a careful historical novel adroitly constructed and with a well-planned climax. It is full of historic detail, but the writer carefully refrains from smothering his story under history. It is based on the life of Marius, and the author, without being dangerously specific, ventures constantly to suggest the parallel between the troubled state of Rome and modern Germany.

Hermann Aellen's *Die Lawine von Gurin* is an eighteenth-century novel with a young architect as its hero. He leaves his little mountain village to seek his fortune in the world, but turns back at length to spend his life and do his great work among his own people, whose village he protects from avalanches by a stout encircling wall.

In his idyll, *Eden*, Heinrich Schöffs tells the story of a young painter taking the conventional German vacation ramble, who lives for a while in the quiet home of an eccentric retired officer. The officer, of course, has a daughter without whom the Eden would be incomplete. Love, which the novelist treats delicately, springs up between the two, but they are parted forever. So curt a summary is unfair to the novelist, but not so unfair as it

would be with many another book, for Herr Schäffs is concerned more with his manner than with his matter, and the whole charm of his book lies not in the tale but in its telling.

Hermann Sinsheimer is a dramatic critic with a great local reputation in Munich which is gradually beginning to spread throughout Germany. He is the author of a well-known critical work on the novelist Thomas Mann, but his own novels have not hitherto had great success. It is too early to prophesy his future, but *Peter Wildangers Sohn* suggests that there may be a future for him. It is a rural story of conflict between father and son. Peter Wildanger has fought his way up from the ranks of the peasants. Like all self-made men he bears the scars of battle and has the limitations of the old campaigner. He does not understand the aspirations of his son, who seeks to start onward and upward from the position in society where his father stopped.

Herr Angell concludes his article by repeating his belief that we have here 'four new writers, four talents who deserve attention and at any other time would be sure of getting it. But since they are a little off the beaten track, since they step rather delicately, not catering to the sensationalism of the day, one has some doubt as to their fate.'

SHAKESPEARE IN JAPAN

MR. JIJIJI G. KASAI describes, in the *Japan Times and Mail*, a production of *Twelfth Night* by the Alumnae Association of Miss Tsuda's College. Mr. Kasai appears to have been agreeably surprised by the excellence of the production.

When the curtain rose, to my great amazement, the entire cast acted quite skillfully before the appreciative audience and received a great deal of applause.

Those feminine actors caught the spirit of the master playwright of the Avon, and acted their rôles with a thorough understanding and a deep feeling, thus making the entire evening a perpetual spring of the gayest and sweetest fancies.

Olivia was interpreted by Miss Maki Fukui and Viola by Mrs. Yukie Mori, while Malvolio was impersonated 'with pathetic seriousness' by Miss Kuni Mori. Miss Miyoshi Sasaki played Sir Toby Belch, and Miss Yoshiko Miwata was a 'knightly and admirable' Sebastian. Miss Yasuko Sato played Sir Andrew Aguecheek and 'acted very forcefully as a counterpart of Sir Toby, and gave herself a credit.'

Let us not believe that the mind of Japan is wholly alienated from us, for it was an American teacher, Miss Caroline Shereschewsky, who coached the production, and of whom Mr. Kasai writes, to say the least, appreciatively:—

Behind the curtain of the glory of their success, I noticed Miss Caroline Shereschewsky, their American teacher, standing and watching for the cue of those actors. It is she who had coached them with her untiring efforts for the past several weeks. Every word uttered from her lips is a jewel, and her gentle voice is soothing like the chime of a temple bell that sweeps down from those rolling hills of the ancient Nara. She was truly the fountain spring from which these young women drank the cup of their inspiration.

IN THE VIENNA THEATRES

WHILE economic difficulties have already forced one Viennese theatre to close down and while the opera houses are having a hard struggle, Max Reinhardt, in his Josefstädter Theater, is going calmly on with his work. Among his recent productions have been a series of three one-act plays: Strindberg's *Mother Love*, Gogol's *Gamblers*, and Chekhov's *Marriage Proposal*. He

had no great success in his production of Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, although Maria Fein did some very good acting in the title rôle.

*
PAYING THE WASHINGTON
FAMILY DEBTS

THE American lawyers who were horrified, on visiting Brasenose College, to learn that George Washington's great-great-grandfather had left college without paying a debt of 17s. 10d., promptly settled the long-standing account, but with true Yankee shrewdness first stipulated that no interest should be charged: a necessary proviso, as after running since March 10, 1634, the debt, at compound interest, would — by moderate reckoning — amount to many thousand pounds. The *Manchester Guardian* comments thus on the incident: —

The debt is said to have been due for battels — provisions furnished from the college buttery or kitchen — and when Lawrence Washington left the University in 1633-4 he left a battels debt of 17s. 10d. The entry in the college register says, 'Grace for B.D., 10 March, 1633-4.' The American President's ancestor would appear to have entered the college as a gentleman commoner on November 2, 1621. This would imply that he was above the rank of a batteler. The commoners 'commoned' together, but the batteilers; when they did not pay in service to commoner or fellow, purchased their provisions from the buttery or the kitchen.

From battels in one sense Lawrence Washington would be free. He entered as a gentleman and he left a fellow. There was, however, another sense in which the word 'battel' was used. It meant also the 'exceedings above the ordinary stint of the appointed commons.' This, doubtless, was the sense in which the word is used in the case of Lawrence Washington. Is there any harm in surmising — suggests a correspondent — the debt was incurred in giving a final leave-taking before saying farewell to his college?

No one cares to look a gift-horse in the mouth; or to be too critical of an act of grace, adds our correspondent. Still, one would have liked the Americans, while they were about it, to have wiped the debt out properly by paying the interest on the battel debt. That would have cleared the Washington escutcheon in good sooth. One would hardly expect such generous visitors to take even the smallest advantage of the Statute of Limitations.

*
PROTECTING THE LION

WHAT has the world come to! Twenty years ago every little boy looked under his bed at night to make sure there were no lions there. Forty years ago every missionary expected eventually to occupy the lunch hour either of a cannibal or of a lion. We trembled before the bulk of the whale and could hardly believe that so formidable a beast as the rhinoceros existed outside of the Reverend Mr. Woods's highly colored natural history.

To-day science appeals to us to 'Save the whale!' Nature-lovers are seriously concerned over the rough treatment received by the rhinoceros — which weighs a ton or so — from pygmy humans; and now Colonel Stevenson Hamilton, a South African naturalist, is carefully protecting lions. For twenty years he has jealously guarded the hunting-veldt east of the Selati railroad along the Portuguese border, where seven million acres were dedicated to wild life. Private owners who were coöperating with him have lately withdrawn one million one hundred thousand acres, leaving Colonel Hamilton with but a paltry five million nine hundred thousand acres for all his lions, zebras, hartebeests, wart hogs, koodoos, antelopes, buffaloes, and other animals. The lions are so numerous that travelers have to take the greatest care and all stock must be kept within lion-proof kraals in the mil-

lion acres which are now being opened for settlement. Gradually, however, this part of the country is to be taken up by ranchers and cattle-growers.

*

THE MUSIC OF BABYLON

BABYLONIAN music written down about the year 800 B.C., and composed heaven knows when, has at length been deciphered through the patient labor of a German scholar, Dr. Kurt Sachs. Dr. Sachs is curator of instruments in the Berlin High School for Music. The earthenware tablet which he studied is roughly equal in size to five ordinary modern bricks, and was discovered in Assur, the Babylonian capital. It has lain unread for a long time in the Prussian State Museum. The inscription is written in cuneiform and consists of words of one syllable which no Assyriologist has been hitherto able to read. There is a somewhat similar tablet in the British Museum, containing six columns, of which the first and fourth cannot be deciphered.

Not long ago Assyriologists conceived the idea that these puzzling inscriptions might be intended to express rhythm and called in Dr. Sachs, who is both musician and antiquarian, to test the theory. In seventy lines of the inscription he found sixty-two different syllables. Musicians will appreciate his difficulties if they try to pronounce the first two lines:—

ME ME KUR KUR
A A A A A
KU KU LU LU
MASH MASH MASH MASH

By luck and careful study he reduced this to a pentatonic system and finally concluded that he had before him a

kind of polyphonic music. In music at least there is nothing new under the sun, for the Babylonians have anticipated M. Debussy by using a whole-tone scale, though they have but five tones. The total range appears to have been two octaves and one fifth. The music was probably to be played on the twenty-two-string harp which is known to have been in use in Mediterranean countries, so that the same scale may have been used elsewhere. The music thus far deciphered is said to present resemblances to that of the Chinese. It may eventually shed light on the origins of Greek music, since the Greeks made no bones about acknowledging their musical debt to the Orient.

Dr. Sachs has not yet published his results, which had been made known to the Prussian Academy of Science in a brief paper by another scholar.

*

YUGOSLAV ANTIQUITIES

THE Yugoslavs have at length waked up to the archaeological importance of their country, and the indifference that for years has permitted old churches and monasteries, which have never been studied, to moulder gradually away is now coming to an end. For months past the two leading newspapers of the country have had special correspondents in the wild but historic parts of the country, writing special articles, accompanied by photographs, sketches, and appeals to national sentiment. An archaeological society is undertaking excavations and the Government now forbids any alterations on old religious buildings without approval by the Ministry of Faiths—a rule which presumably applies both to Moslems and to Christians.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Christianity and the Race Problem, by J. H. Oldham. London: Student Christian Movement, 1924. 7s. 6d.

THE leading London reviewers hail Mr. J. H. Oldham's new book on *Christianity and the Race Problem* as a contribution to contemporary thought of extreme importance. Mr. Oldham, who is Secretary of the International Missionary Council and editor of the *International Review of Missions*, finds in the application of the Christian religion the sole solution of the race problem, which he regards as the most menacing of all those which face the troubled modern world.

Mr. Oldham discusses races neither from the laboratory nor the library, though he is fully acquainted with the results obtained in both. He writes with unusual authority because his years of missionary service have brought him into contact, first hand, with all the races of mankind. The *Times Literary Supplement* praises the impartiality with which he attacks a controversial question, and dwells upon his especial qualification for making this study:—

He has traveled widely under conditions which have enabled him to gain first-hand knowledge of peculiar value. His attitude is singularly unprejudiced by his own racial origin; so that he can present the standpoint of, say, an Indian or a Japanese with convincing, and sometimes disquieting, clearness. He is not in the least a blind optimist; and has no short cuts to an earthly millennium to offer.

Two of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Oldham's book are those in which he deals with 'The Significance of Race' and 'The Fact of Inequality.' Here he subjects to a searching examination the view that environment counts for little as compared with heredity. This view, popularized in such books as Dr. Lothrop Stoddard's *Revolt against Civilization and Rising Tide of Colour*, suggests that certain white races, by virtue of the innate qualities of their germ-plasm, are superior to the rest of mankind, makers and trustees of civilization. Mr. Oldham examines the scientific investigations on which such theories are raised, and shows how inconclusive is the

available evidence. Inheritance counts for much, he admits. But advocates of Nordic superiority 'fail to distinguish between the hereditary characteristics of a particular strain or line of descent and the hereditary characteristics of a race. It is an entirely unwarranted assumption that the best strains are found in any one race.'

Mr. Oldham allows that good strains may be more numerous in one race than in another; but he reminds us that, if in the white races there are many good strains, there are also hopelessly bad ones. He quotes a number of facts which go to show that even the alleged mental inferiority of Africans is less than is commonly supposed, and that their arrested development at the age of puberty can be overcome 'if the right educational methods are adopted.' It is as natural for races as for individuals to have a good opinion of themselves; but 'the present predominance of Western nations in the life of the world will not be accepted by other races as conclusive evidence of the innate superiority of the white races.' It is a huge and unjustified assumption that the largely materialistic, industrialized, mechanized, and militarized civilization of the West is the final or highest expression of the human spirit, and that other people may be judged by its standards.

In the light of these conclusions Mr. Oldham discusses such matters as the plea of the Japanese for equality of status, the ethical principles which should determine the government of subject peoples, the relation of India to the British Commonwealth, immigration, and intermarriage. His attitude throughout is liberal but not *doctrinaire*. With regard to the Nationalist movement in India, he affirms that 'the better mind of England is not hostile to Indian aspirations. But it does desire some reasonable assurance that the transfer of authority from British to Indian hands will take place in such a way as will contribute to the real progress of India.' His acute and well-informed analysis of the present situation deserves careful study; for, alike in its sympathy and its misgivings, it faithfully represents the normal missionary standpoint. He concludes with the admission that 'our discussion of Indian problems has not provided us with any clear-cut solution. Only infinite patience, wisdom, courage, and hope can find a solution of problems as baffling as any that have emerged in human history.'

His book was evidently set up in type be-

fore the recent abrogation by the United States of the Gentlemen's Agreement with Japan. But he enables us fully to understand the passionate resentment which it has excited.

Mr. Oldham does not advocate indiscriminate racial amalgamation. 'There is no conclusive evidence of the effect of uniting widely different stocks, but the weight of evidence is that the result will be undesirable.' He thinks that every country has a right to determine the composition of its population. He would meet Oriental sensitiveness by giving to Asiatic countries the same right to exclude alien peoples as is assumed by British Dominions and the American Commonwealth. But he urges that where different races now live side by side, as do Negroes and whites in the Southern States, each should enjoy the same security and status. In short, he would have men apply the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'

Dean Inge, who of late has been writing regularly for the *Morning Post*, contributes a column and a half review of *Christianity and the Race Problem*, which he commends for its 'conspicuous fairness and ability.' True to his reputation, the Dean finds the prospects for white world-supremacy growing gloomier and gloomier.

The danger of a collision between the Far West and Far East is not so much political as economic and racial [he says]. It is part of a very modern problem, and one which touches the British Empire at many points, though the Americans are at present more acutely conscious of it than any European nation.

The most momentous fact in the present century is that the tide has begun to turn against the white domination. The long blockade of Europe by Islam was broken by the great discoveries which marked the beginning of modern history. From the time when European ships first crossed the Atlantic and reached India by way of the Cape, a process of expansion went on with ever-increasing momentum for more than four hundred years. When the nineteenth century ended, the countries not yet brought under white control were so few and apparently so weak that the time seemed to be near when men of European stock would divide the whole of the habitable globe among them. The Italian reverse at Adowa was not more startling than the British disaster in the Khyber Pass, so soon retrieved. But the defeat of Russia by Japan was felt to be epoch-making, in Europe and still more in Asia. The Great War did not increase the prestige of black and brown regiments, but it shook the power and credit of the leading European

nations to their base, and raised new hopes in the breasts of numberless Asiatics. 'Our concern,' some of them were heard to say, 'is that this war should last.'

But this is not all. Of the two political principles on which the whole social order of European civilization depended, military monarchy and democracy, one has, for the time at least, been destroyed and the other discredited. Even so firm a friend of democracy as Lord Bryce was constrained in his latest book to admit that 'the belief that the larger the number of those who share in governing, the more will there be of wisdom, self-control, of a fraternal and peace-loving spirit, has been rudely shattered.' Popular government can succeed only when there is a high degree of virtue, intelligence, and public spirit, and it demands, above all, a fundamental agreement on essentials, which does not exist in modern societies. The authority of religion is politically negligible, and no other bond of unity controls nations as a whole.

Schweitzer is right when he says that 'our present entire lack of any theory of the universe is the ultimate source of all the catastrophes and misery of our time, and only as we again succeed in attaining a strong and worthy *Weltanschauung*, and find in it strong and worthy convictions, shall we again become capable of producing a new civilization.' It is plain, therefore, that Western civilization has not only narrowly escaped suicide, but has lost confidence in itself. We were crusaders; we have now become doubtful of our message. We can hardly wish to impose upon other races institutions which work so badly at home.

There was a time, not so long ago, when we fought and bullied the Asiatics in order to compel them to trade with us. We are now threatening them with violence if, in the pursuit of a livelihood, they presume to leave their own shores. The Yellow Peril has become a bogey. The Kaiser was obsessed by it, and I found the scare very much alive in Germany in 1912. The white races, says an American newspaper, must be rescued from the danger of subjugation by the yellow! Such utterances, absurd as they are, cannot be ignored. It is fear, not dislike, which creates wars.

The Reverend Professor F. R. Barry of King's College, London, writing in the *Saturday Review*, calls *Christianity and the Race Problem* 'a strong and serious contribution to one of the most pressing of all problems.' He adds that while international friction has already led to one world war, the growing interracial friction, unless it can be checked, is certain to lead on to others which will be still more appalling.

AMONG OUR AUTHORS

AUTHORS of seven different nationalities and of points of view even more diverse appear in the first monthly issue of the *Living Age*. English, Irish, German, Dane, Australian, Russian, and Frenchman, all have their say and all bring their contributions to the thought of these United States. **Herr Hedegaard**, who describes a land to which every American eye has been turned since our fliers landed there, sailed from Copenhagen on the vessel which carried spare parts and supplies for the aviators. ¶ Since the Irish Free State was set up, there has been a general quickening of the national literary pulse, which is fostered by two new magazines, *The Irish Statesman*, edited by the poet, 'A.E.' and *The Dublin Magazine*, still in its first volume, to which **George Manning-Sanders**, a writer of fiction who is familiar with Irish life, contributes his amusingly human story, 'The Great Threat.' ¶ There is nothing of the book-made scientist about **Rudolf Requadt**, a young German ethnologist, who since the war has lived among the wild tribes of Swaziland, studying their life and the myriad forms of animal life, in the jungle which is their home.

His Honor Judge Edward Abbott Parry — an urbane and always amusing contributor to the English magazines — has been judge of the County Court, Lambeth, since 1911, and is incidentally one of the best-known 'characters' in London. He is the author of many books familiar to American readers, the latest of them entitled *What the Judge Thought*. **General Baratier** fulfilled in the World War the promise of his early African exploits. In 1914 he commanded the 8th Cavalry Division until mounted troops ceased to be of service on the Western Front, when he took command of the 134th Infantry Division. He was one of the few general officers killed in action, falling in 1917 at the head of his troops, twenty

yards from the enemy's lines. His commander and his brother officers in the French expedition lived to fight side by side with their English rivals when the World War broke out sixteen years later. Major — now General — **Marchand** survived the war and came into the public eye a year or two ago, when he testified for the defense at the trial of M. Ernest Judet for treason. The young officer named **Mangin** has since by the fame he won in the World War eclipsed his brilliant earlier service in the Senegal, Sudan, Tonkin, East Africa, and Morocco campaigns. Of the English officers whom they encountered at Fashoda, **Lord Kitchener's** subsequent career is known to all the world. Colonel **Wingate**, his chief of intelligence, who later succeeded Kitchener as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, is now General Sir **Reginald Wingate**, first Baron of Dunbar and Port Sudan. He returned to the field of his early exploits for service during the World War. Commander **Keppel** of the English flotilla is now Admiral Sir **Colin Keppell**, K.C.I.E.

James J. Daly is a student of the *Acta Sanctorum* — but with a difference. *The Month*, in which he writes, is one of the oldest Roman Catholic organs in Great Britain, being now in its sixtieth year. **St. John Ervine** is probably best known to American audiences as the author of the play, *John Ferguson*, produced in this country in 1919-20, but written some years before. He is the author of four novels and many other plays. **Leonid Andreev's** reputation as a novelist preceded his reputation as a dramatist. He first won American readers with *The Seven Who Were Hanged* and *The Red Laugh*, gaining many admirers who followed his work, until his death, with rising interest. **Will Dyson** is cartoonist to the *Daily Herald*, the London Labor organ. The cartoon, 'Shanghai Yesterday and Today,' is from the sixtieth-anniversary number of the *North China Herald*.

THIS WEEK

To this page has been assigned the delicate task of conveying a simple idea to subtle minds.

★ ★ ★

One week each month the *Living Age* will print an enlarged and glorified issue that will give ample space for several longer articles than can conveniently be included in our weekly numbers. We are saved the task of describing the nature of this new feature by putting it into your hands and letting it explain itself.

★ ★ ★

One thing only we wish to make perfectly clear. The *Living Age* will continue to appear every week just as usual. The monthly issue is merely an extension of the weekly issue every fourth or fifth week. The subscription price will not be changed; we are simply giving our readers twelve special numbers each year — so much velvet, in other words.

★ ★ ★

To descend from the official to the confidential, it is whispered

that several new departments of special interest to travelers will be developed in the super-*Living Age*. Wait and see.

★ ★ ★

As there is still some more space to fill, it becomes necessary to do the usual duties — rather an anticlimax on such a gala occasion.

★ ★ ★

Another Great War decennial is held this week showing how they started things going in Austria. It appears that this unenlightened nation was actually convinced that it was fighting a people's war and said as much in the *Reichspost*.

★ ★ ★

It is a far cry from Vienna in 1914 to Charles Lutwidge Dodgson in 1850, but it is impossible to mention these early writings of Lewis Carroll without urging all our readers to turn to them at once if it is the last thing they do — which we hope it won't be.

A MOVING picture director; a musical comedy writer who is a book collector; an artist; —

★ ★ ★

A Congressman who drifted into politics unintentionally; an Irish journalist who used to be a boxer; the son of a former President of the United States, a traveler and observer like his father; —

★ ★ ★

An editor, humorist and author who is among the coming fiction writers; an editor who has seen American journalism grow for half a century and has a list of acquaintances which defies any Who's Who; —

★ ★ ★

The man who has accomplished the difficult feat of being at once a creative artist and popular writer; the most popular lecturer and critic in the United States; the dean of art critics in America; —

★ ★ ★

A financial and economic expert; an author who is known on the Maine coast as "Cap'n Robinson's daughter"; —

Thirteen poets ranging from one who contributed to the first volume of Scribner's Magazine to others who are publishing their first poem.

★ ★ ★

An interesting company, surely.

★ ★ ★

And interesting are the subjects they talk to you about in the current number of Scribner's Magazine.

★ ★ ★

They speak of their opinions, their romances, their hobbies; their memories, their loves, and their joys.

★ ★ ★

They weave for you stories full of spirit and imagination and truth; they bring to bear their power to interpret and discuss the things that move the world.

★ ★ ★

It is not for nothing that among the magazines the rich creamy color of the September Scribner's Magazine stands out.